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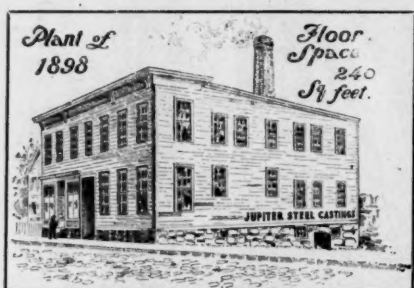
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A GREAT INDUSTRY

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Transformation of Waste Product.

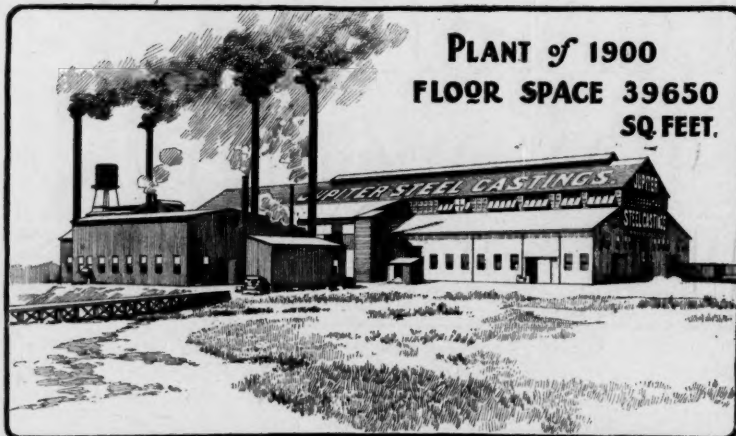


SINCE the days of Tubal Cain, up to a few years ago, it was necessary to produce the strongest parts of metal work by hammering. In the olden days the heated metal was laid on one flat stone and hammered with another, or with a primitive sledge. The flat stone developed by slow stages into a block of metal, at first square and unhandy, but as time passed and men developed ingenuity, the block grew a nose and became an anvil, by means of which the blacksmiths of old shaped curved articles. They fashioned horse shoes, linked chain armor and welded blades. From the old-time armorer, the blacksmiths, and the other workers of metal, whose sturdy blows rang music from the anvil, is descended the ponderous trip-hammer—ponderous, yet so delicately adjusted that a blow can be struck as light as air, and one so mighty that a block of granite is crushed to powder. Invention has succeeded invention until the rude flat stone has developed into a die carefully and laboriously cut and shaped by hand, into which the glowing metal is forced, not by the sinewy arm of a modern Tubal Cain, but by the power of steam, through tendons of steel or by the pressure of water squeezing the metal into shape. All are modifications of the old brawny arm and skilful hammering method. Slow, expensive, and subject to ruinous misplaced blows and defective machinery, it is a process that is still retained only because none better had been discovered. Even with the most modern machinery, with the aid of wonderful trip-hammers, of powerful hydraulic presses that mould metal as a sculptor models clay, the process is costly and slow, the machines, enormous or delicate, and requiring adjustment, whether one or fifty pieces are to be produced. The die must be cut with the finest skill by hand out of steel as hard as flint. And after all this the article must often be tempered, annealed or planed before it is ready for use. Such is the old process of steel production—the process of Tubal Cain, grandson of Methuselah.

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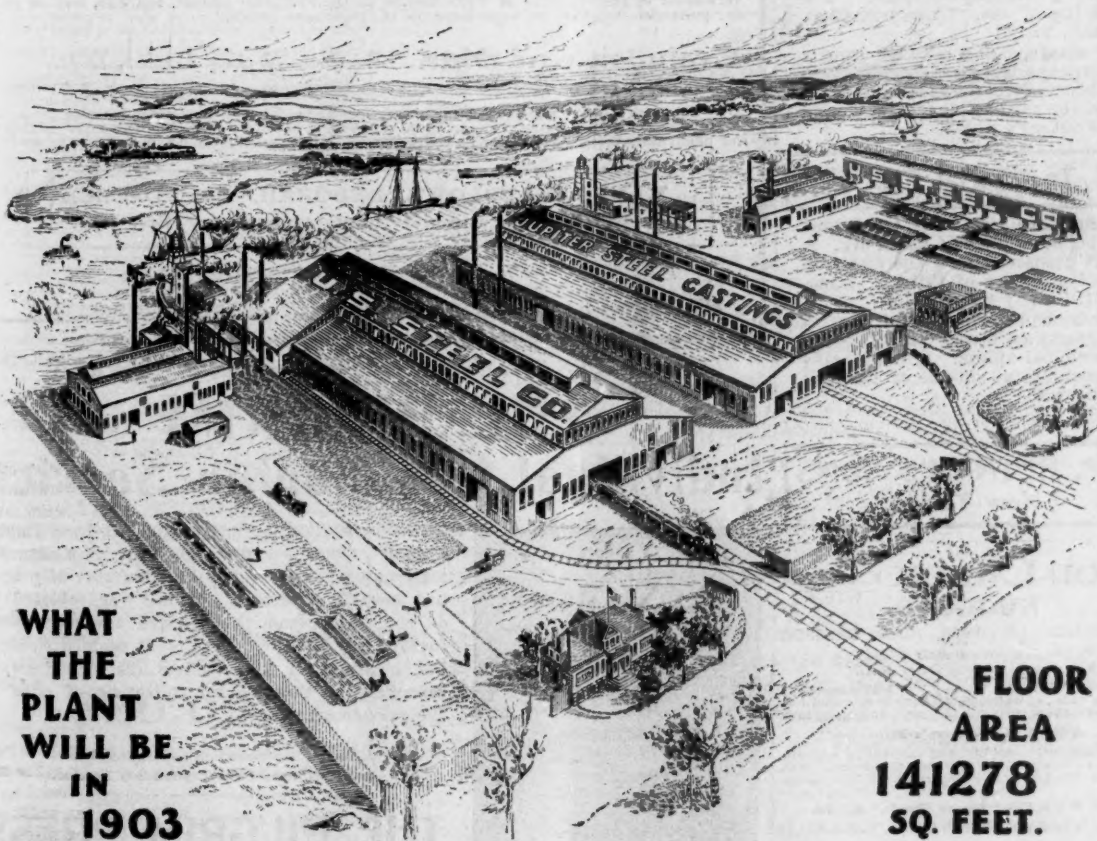
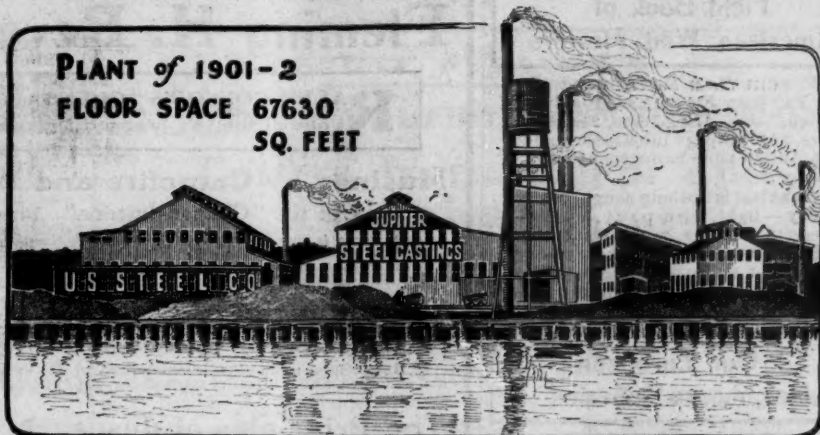
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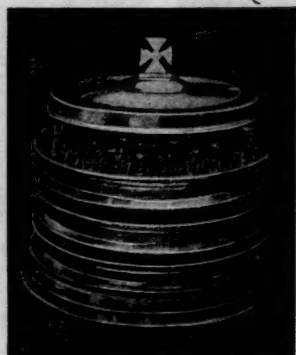
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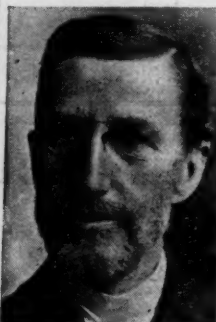
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SPECIAL MEETING of the American Congregational Association in Room 108, Congregational House, on Monday, March 31, at 12 M., to act on transfer of certain real estate in Colorado.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. The Reverend Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., President of the Faculty, having sailed to fulfill his engagement as Haskell Lecturer in India, all correspondence relating to Union Seminary should, until further notice, be addressed to the Acting President, Professor Francis Brown, at 700 Park Avenue, New York.

AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, No. 76 Wall St., New York. Incorporated April, 1833. Object: to improve the moral and social condition of seamen. Sustains chaplains and missionaries; promotes temperance homes and boarding houses in leading seaports at home and abroad; provides libraries for outgoing vessels; publishes the *Sailor's Magazine, Seaman's Friend and Life Boat*. Contributions to sustain its work are solicited, and remittances of same are requested to be made direct to the main office of the society at New York.

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

Saturday
29 March 1902

and Christian World

Volume LXXXVII
Number 13

Event and Comment

Easter Again After the chill and dreariness of winter, the warm sunshine and the blossoms of early springtime. After the periods in Christian experience of depression and fear, the Easter joy. The blessed festival comes none too often. In the midst of the strain on faith, the pain and mystery of these human years, and the push of ceaseless activities, we need to go back to the open tomb in Joseph's garden, out of which has bloomed the Easter lily. Since the time that the Captain of our salvation died and rose again, the world has looked at death in an entirely different light. He could not be our perfect Saviour unless he had freed us from the terrors associated with mortality and placed a sure foundation beneath those dim, yet deathless, hopes that make us men. Let us take to heart, then, once again, the infinite comfort, the unspeakable promise of the Easter-time.

That Good Cheer Number We shall carry out next week our long cherished plans for a Good Cheer Number, certain features of which have already been made known to our readers. It follows appropriately upon the Easter festival. We trust that the number will, in some measure, justify its title. We propose to say a little next week as we can, consistently with our functions as a newspaper, about the hard and depressing side of life. The problems of reaching the masses, of securing a Sunday evening congregation, of the unresponsiveness of many to the restraints and inspiration of religion will be for one week, at least, overlooked. We shall not say one word, if we can help it, about the low spiritual condition of the churches, or the discouragements connected with the Christian ministry, or the sorrowful aspects of contemporaneous life. If our correspondents have anything to communicate touching dissensions in the church, ministerial delinquencies, quarrels in the choir, and the depravity of humanity in general and some church members in particular, we ask them to hold their peace for one week. As children of the light and of the day, let us look forth and see that "it is morning everywhere," and that the world sweeps onward to a better day.

Now for Ten Thousand Dollars. We are greatly encouraged by the figures which we are able to report this week concerning the India Famine Children Fund. It has risen to \$5,500 and still the gifts are coming to the rooms of the American Board. A good many of them are an even twenty dollars. The

suggestion that such a sum would care for one orphan for a year has evidently fallen upon good soil in many hearts. Now let the fund speedily pass the \$10,000 mark. Of course we cannot take care of all the orphans in India, but rich America can provide for a great many of them, and it will be one of the best investments in missions, to say nothing about philanthropy, that could possibly be made. Why not make an Easter offering in your church, or in your home, or in your office, to this splendid undertaking? Can you show your gratitude for the rich hope with which Christ has blessed your life in any more sensible fashion? Send all contributions to Frank H. Wiggin, Treasurer American Board, Boston, marking them *For the Indian Famine Children*.

What Shall We Let Others Do on Sunday

Sunday observance committees, appointed by state bodies of churches, like other standing committees on gambling, intemperance and secret societies, sometimes discharge their duties in a purely perfunctory and unsatisfactory fashion. This year, however, the General Association of Massachusetts is fortunate enough to have a Sunday observance committee which is proceeding with its task in so thorough a way as to augur valuable results. Its chairman is Mr. George D. Chamberlin, a capable business man of Springfield, and it has recently sent to the churches a series of questions touching Sabbath observance which call for the canvassing of the subject in all its phases. They show that the committee desires to have the subject discussed in a frank, undogmatic spirit. The wisdom of opening museums, reading-rooms and libraries, the value of Sunday concerts in public parks and the value of utilizing school buildings on Sunday are points raised, while one of the most excellent questions of the nine is this: "Would a general observance of the Saturday half-holiday help in any way to solve the Sunday problem and increase church attendance?" If a good proportion of the persons to whom this letter is sent reply thoughtfully, a rich supply of material will be at the disposal of the committee, out of which it can construct one of the most useful reports ever presented to the association. We hope that the ministers will not delay their responses. Already the committee has received between one and two hundred replies. If any one is in doubt as to the nature of the prevailing Massachusetts laws he will do well to possess himself of the March number of the *Sab-*

bath Defender, which contains an admirable digest of all the Sunday laws now on the Massachusetts statute-book. This summary was made with care by Dr. Kneeland and his associates, and he will doubtless be glad to mail a copy of the magazine to any one addressing him at South Framingham, Mass.

The Catholic Journalist In reading the Roman Catholic journals from week to week we often wonder whether they have editors or only compilers, they are so wanting in any original thinking on burning issues of the hour, ecclesiastical or political. We understand better now why this is, after reading the sermon preached by Mgr. O'Callaghan at the service held in memory of the late Patrick Donahoe of the *Boston Pilot* last week. The eulogist praises Mr. Donahoe because he so distinctly recognized that the function of a Roman Catholic journalist is but to be the echo of "her priests, bishops, doctors and infallible head." Moreover, "The church requires not as of necessity the aid of the press for the diffusion of its doctrines," says Mgr. O'Callaghan. The rôle of a journalist under such conditions may be pleasant, and for some men it may be satisfying to be only an echo. But our complaint with most of the Catholic journals is that they are not even echoes of the hierarchy. They are full of slurs and stabs at Protestantism, and where, as in the case of *The Pilot*, the journal is an Irish as well as a church organ, there is very candid and merciless criticism of all the shortcomings of the English people and the Salisbury ministry. But as for any discussion of the problems of the Roman Catholic Church—of which it has not a few—you find practically nothing from week to week.

The Historic Episcopate The world moves. *The Church Standard*, edited by Rev. Dr. John Fulton, as able a canonist and journalist as the Protestant Episcopal Church has, in a discussion of the Historic Episcopate, now says, after alluding to the new light from the Didache of the Twelve Apostles and the investigations of Hatch and Harnack: "No one now maintains the unfounded theory that our Lord himself, during the great forty days, gave minute instructions to the eleven apostles concerning the order and organization which he desired them to adopt for the government of the church. No one now pretends that the apostles themselves, designedly or even consciously, devised a ministerial constitu-



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Saturday
29 March 1902

and Christian World

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Event and Comment

Easter Again After the chill and dreariness of winter, the warm sunshine and the blossoms of early springtime. After the periods in Christian experience of depression and fear, the Easter joy. The blessed festival comes none too often. In the midst of the strain on faith, the pain and mystery of these human years, and the push of ceaseless activities, we need to go back to the open tomb in Joseph's garden, out of which has bloomed the Easter lily. Since the time that the Captain of our salvation died and rose again, the world has looked at death in an entirely different light. He could not be our perfect Saviour unless he had freed us from the terrors associated with mortality and placed a sure foundation beneath those dim, yet deathless, hopes that make us men. Let us take to heart, then, once again, the infinite comfort, the unspeakable promise of the Easter-time.

That Good Cheer Number We shall carry out next week our long cherished plans for a Good Cheer Number, certain features of which have already been made known to our readers. It follows appropriately upon the Easter festival. We trust that the number will, in some measure, justify its title. We propose to say as little next week as we can, consistently with our functions as a newspaper, about the hard and depressing side of life. The problems of reaching the masses, of securing a Sunday evening congregation, of the unresponsiveness of many to the restraints and inspiration of religion will be for one week, at least, overlooked. We shall not say one word, if we can help it, about the low spiritual condition of the churches, or the discouragements connected with the Christian ministry, or the sorrowful aspects of contemporaneous life. If our correspondents have anything to communicate touching dissensions in the church, ministerial delinquencies, quarrels in the choir, and the depravity of humanity in general and some church members in particular, we ask them to hold their peace for one week. As children of the light and of the day, let us look forth and see that "it is morning everywhere," and that the world sweeps onward to a better day.

Now for Ten Thousand Dollars. We are greatly encouraged by the figures which we are able to report this week concerning the India Famine Children Fund. It has risen to \$5,500 and still the gifts are coming to the rooms of the American Board. A good many of them are an even twenty dollars. The

suggestion that such a sum would care for one orphan for a year has evidently fallen upon good soil in many hearts. Now let the fund speedily pass the \$10,000 mark. Of course we cannot take care of all the orphans in India, but rich America can provide for a great many of them, and it will be one of the best investments in missions, to say nothing about philanthropy, that could possibly be made. Why not make an Easter offering in your church, or in your home, or in your office, to this splendid undertaking? Can you show your gratitude for the rich hope with which Christ has blessed your life in any more sensible fashion? Send all contributions to Frank H. Wiggin, Treasurer American Board, Boston, marking them *For the Indian Famine Children*.

What Shall We Let Others Do on Sunday Sunday observance committees, appointed by state bodies of churches, like other standing committees on gambling, intemperance and secret societies, sometimes discharge their duties in a purely perfunctory and unsatisfactory fashion. This year, however, the General Association of Massachusetts is fortunate enough to have a Sunday observance committee which is proceeding with its task in so thorough a way as to augur valuable results. Its chairman is Mr. George D. Chamberlin, a capable business man of Springfield, and it has recently sent to the churches a series of questions touching Sabbath observance which call for the canvassing of the subject in all its phases. They show that the committee desires to have the subject discussed in a frank, undogmatic spirit. The wisdom of opening museums, reading-rooms and libraries, the value of Sunday concerts in public parks and the value of utilizing school buildings on Sunday are points raised, while one of the most excellent questions of the nine is this: "Would a general observance of the Saturday half-holiday help in any way to solve the Sunday problem and increase church attendance?" If a good proportion of the persons to whom this letter is sent reply thoughtfully, a rich supply of material will be at the disposal of the committee, out of which it can construct one of the most useful reports ever presented to the association. We hope that the ministers will not delay their responses. Already the committee has received between one and two hundred replies. If any one is in doubt as to the nature of the prevailing Massachusetts laws he will do well to possess himself of the March number of the *Sabbath Defender*, which contains an admirable digest of all the Sunday laws now on the Massachusetts statute-book. This summary was made with care by Dr. Kneeland and his associates, and he will doubtless be glad to mail a copy of the magazine to any one addressing him at South Framingham, Mass.

The Catholic Journalist In reading the Roman Catholic journals from week to week we often wonder whether they have editors or only compilers, they are so wanting in any original thinking on burning issues of the hour, ecclesiastical or political. We understand better now why this is, after reading the sermon preached by Mgr. O'Callaghan at the service held in memory of the late Patrick Donahoe of the Boston *Pilot* last week. The eulogist praises Mr. Donahoe because he so distinctly recognized that the function of a Roman Catholic journalist is but to be the echo of "her priests, bishops, doctors and infallible head." Moreover, "The church requires not as of necessity the aid of the press for the diffusion of its doctrines," says Mgr. O'Callaghan. The rôle of a journalist under such conditions may be pleasant, and for some men it may be satisfying to be only an echo. But our complaint with most of the Catholic journals is that they are not even echoes of the hierarchy. They are full of slurs and stabs at Protestantism, and where, as in the case of *The Pilot*, the journal is an Irish as well as a church organ, there is very candid and merciless criticism of all the shortcomings of the English people and the Salisbury ministry. But as for any discussion of the problems of the Roman Catholic Church—of which it has not a few—you find practically nothing from week to week.

The Historic Episcopate The world moves. *The Church Standard*, edited by Rev. Dr. John Fulton, as able a canonist and journalist as the Protestant Episcopal Church has, in a discussion of the Historic Episcopate, now says, after alluding to the new light from the Didache of the Twelve Apostles and the investigations of Hatch and Harnack: "No one now maintains the unfounded theory that our Lord himself, during the great forty days, gave minute instructions to the eleven apostles concerning the order and organization which he desired them to adopt for the government of the church. No one now pretends that the apostles themselves, designedly or even consciously, devised a ministerial constitu-

tion for the government of a universal church throughout all ages." This is welcome news from an Episcopalian authority, but we wish we could believe that the declaration were true that no Protestant Episcopalians believed it. If it were a fact the outlook for Protestant unity here and in Great Britain and throughout the British empire would be far brighter. We shall be as glad as Dr. Fulton if consideration of Bishop Wordsworth's last book on the Ministry of Grace, with its chapter on the Charismatic Ministry, leads, as he hopes it will, to "a radical change in the Anglican mind concerning the origin of the Historic Episcopate." Bishop Wordsworth points out in his book that the divinely inspired, freely moving, evangelistic type of teacher of early Christianity

Was the great instrument for propagating unity in the church—unity of teaching, unity of feeling, and unity of custom, including forms of worship. Whether as the bearers of letters from one church to another, or as living letters read of all men, these apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers kept the life-blood of the church in circulation, and counteracted the natural tendency of ancient civil society to too great independence and isolation. It is to them that we owe the fact that there is one Bible everywhere received in the church, one creed, one weekly holy day, one baptism and one eucharist.

Methodist Unity Slowly the severed branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country are coming together. As the outcome of the sitting of a joint commission of the two wings of the denomination in Baltimore last week the general conferences of the two bodies will be urged to legislate so as to provide for union of mission work and publication at Shanghai, the publication of but one denominational newspaper in Mexico, and the preparation of a common hymn book, catechism and order of service. Thus amalgamation goes on, slowly to be sure, but naturally, the minor issues being approached and settled first.

Ten Years of Free Church Federation

The meeting at Bradford, Eng., a fortnight ago, of the Free Church Council of England and Wales marked the first decade in a movement which has already brought together the Nonconformist bodies in a union of great strength and practical usefulness. It has no less than eight million adherents, who represent the bone and sinew of religion in the kingdom. Seventy new local councils formed during the past year make the total nearly eight hundred. These carry out practical measures of co-operative work and are kept closely related to the movement at large through the efforts of the efficient organizing secretary, Mr. Law. The address at Bradford of the new president, Dr. Townsend, was upon the subject *The Free Church of England; Its Divine Calling*. As the title implies, it presupposed the solidarity of the Nonconformist forces and proceeds to suggest united action worthy of such a powerful organization. He laid stress chiefly on universal popular education, unrestricted by sacerdotal control, and he was no less urgent in calling upon the churches to face with a resolute spirit the redemption of the lapsed masses. The attitude of the body as respects temperance was indicated in

two significant ways. The mayor of Bradford, who is in the brewing trade, was not asked, as is the custom, to speak words of welcome. Moreover, when the president expressed regret that the King had personally brewed ale in connection with the recent inauguration of a large liquor industry, the vigorous applause showed how disappointed generally the Nonconformists have been because of the King's action.

Good News from Japan

The year 1902 is to be credited with the formal organization of a noteworthy union in Japan. The standing committee of co-operating Christian missions in Japan held its first meeting on Jan. 8. About twenty Protestant missions are represented in this movement, and there is strong reason to expect that others will join later. Dr. D. C. Greene of the American Board Mission was elected permanent chairman and Rev. T. M. McNair, Presbyterian, secretary. Various matters were discussed and sub-committees appointed. The committee will act conservatively for a time, feeling its way. It proposes to initiate activities along the lines of publication and general evangelistic effort. The strong, timely work of Dr. R. A. Torrey of Chicago during the recent four weeks in ten Japanese cities gave a great impulse to Biblical study and spiritual activity. So far as indicated by figures his largest success was at Kyoto, where 119 names were handed in, and the whole Doshisha was deeply affected. Every member of the Doshisha girls' school not previously committed to Christianity decided for Christ. Many missionaries, especially those of the American Board, feel that a season of large harvesting is near if a more strenuous and continuous evangelistic effort can be put forth. Workers on the ground are taxed to the limit of their strength and their resources. If more such aid as that afforded by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Mott could be given, there would be a constant harvesting. Dr. Torrey's testimony is: "This land is ripe for a great harvest. I wish I could help for a year with the brethren." The missionaries wish so, too, but if they cannot have this worker longer they earnestly pray for another.

Uneducated Ministers

Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler, in one of his lectures, says that when he was a youth in Turkey, where his father was a missionary, a man from the United States was sent out there to labor. He thought himself ready to preach when he had gained only a superficial knowledge of the language. At his first effort the man thought he said in Turkish, "Let us pray," but having mistaken a word of similar sound for the one he wanted to use he astonished his hearers by saying, "Let us build a wall." In one of the first sentences of his prayer, by a like confusion of words, intending to say, "Almighty God, remember us," he prayed, "Make donkeys of us." The gleeful assembly thought his prayer had been already answered so far as himself was concerned. We once met a missionary in a foreign land who insisted that the superintending power of God over him was such that he was sure to succeed though he had

neither acquainted himself with the people he sought to address nor their language. But he had so sincere a purpose that he had made a long journey at his own expense, and was exposing his gospel to ridicule and himself to real personal danger because he thought he was sent by God. There are men assuming to be ministers in their own land who have believed, and have been encouraged by others to believe, that they could succeed in this work with less preparation than would be required in any other learned profession. Nor do they seem to think much harm is done to the cause they would advance when they "make donkeys" of themselves.

Austrian Ecclesiastical Ferment

The Vienna correspondent of the *London Times* tells of a recent incident which shows that along with the "Los von Rom" movement among the Pan-Germans of Austria there is a tendency on the part of the more scholarly and liberal of the Roman Catholics to protest against the reactionary policy of the Roman Church, so apparent now in the last days of the pontificate of Leo XIII., a reaction attributed to Cardinal Rampolla more than to any other member of the College of Cardinals. The correspondent reports the professor of canonical law in the University of Innsbruck as addressing an academic audience recently, pleading for a reversal of the policy of the papacy, and inveighing against ultramontaniam, claiming that it is alienating from the Roman Catholic Church all but the lower classes, the middle class population either becoming indifferent to religion altogether, or else taking up with socialism as a religion. The attention of the minister of education being called to Professor Wahrmond's speech by Conservative members of the Reichstag, he declined to enter a prohibition of further utterances, although expressing the opinion that the speech was out of place in a university.

Cuba's Needs

The Republican majority in the House of Representatives will vote for a concession of twenty per cent. in the tariff on goods coming to this country from Cuba, the limit of the concession as to time being placed at Dec. 1, 1903. This, then, seems to be the attitude which the lower house of Congress will take in relieving an economic situation which demands prompt action and on generous terms. Governor-General Wood of Cuba is now in Washington, conferring with the President and with Secretary of War Root on two important matters—the transfer of control and responsibility on May 1 to President Palma and the other officials-elect of the Cuban republic, and the creation of sentiment in the Senate and throughout the country which will lead Congress in the end to make a tariff reduction that will save the Cuban tobacco and sugar planters from ruin and enable the new state to begin its career with conditions as favorable as the United States can make them. Neither the President, Secretary of War Root, nor Governor-General Wood considers the twenty per cent. reduction adequate, and we trust the Senate will not. There is something more at stake in this

matter than revenue or protection of home industries. It is the good name of our republic, and we expect the Senate, with its members less fearful of what may happen to them politically than those of the House, and the President, secure in his place and aware that he has the people of the country back of him, to stand out for such a rate of tariff reduction as will enable Cuba to escape prostration of its largest industries, and as will incline the new republic to make such concessions to us in turn as will give us by treaty right what we naturally might expect through propinquity of territory, namely, control of the import trade of Cuba. The manufacturers of the country, eager for larger export trade, are not very discerning if they do not throw their influence in favor of a policy which will make the republic of Cuba's officials and merchants glad to give to Americans exclusive trade now going to British and German traders.

The decision by the Cuban courts that Messrs. Neely, Reeves and Rathbone must pay heavy fines and go to prison for ten years for embezzling postal funds is a wholesome judicial decree.

War Department Friction

Just as the Schley-Sampson controversy has subsided and the House of Representatives Committee has turned down all bills calculated to reopen the fight in Congress, the scandal in the War Department which has been impairing its efficiency for some time has come to a head. It is not necessary to take sides for or against Lieut.-General Miles to come to the conclusion that the time has come for decisive action by the President which will end the scandal. It should not be taken as if it were the result of feeling, or in such a way as to make a martyr of any one, and thus make the man who is removed a favorite with those whose sympathies control their opinions. If the testimony given before a congressional committee is privileged, then such testimony should not be deemed prejudicial to the professional standing of the witness. But in some way it should be made possible for the Secretary of War, the commander of the army and the chiefs of staff corps and bureaus to work together in harmony, especially as a work of reorganization of the army is now going on in accordance with opinion based on expert study of the armies of other nations. President Roosevelt and Secretary of War Root should use the velvet glove over an iron hand in getting rid of the obstacle to harmony. For their own sakes and for the sake of army reform the velvet glove in this case is as necessary as the iron hand. The iron hand was used quite recently in disciplining General Miles, and it made him friends among those who otherwise would have sided with the President and the Secretary of War.

Ireland at Fever Heat

The House of Commons last week suspended Hon. John Dillon for a week for his profane epithet hurled at Mr. Chamberlain's head because the latter had implied that Dillon was a traitor because a pro-Boer sympathizer. This is an incident symptomatic of the tense feeling which exists

in Great Britain at the present time over the state of affairs in Ireland. The *Times* is nagging the Ministry into suppression under the Crimes Act of the highly organized Land League, in this reflecting the sentiment of not a few of the Irish landlords and a section of the Ministry led by Lord Londonderry. But the chief secretary for Ireland, Mr. George Wyndham, opposes such drastic measures, preferring for a time, at least, to use the ordinary law of the realm for such action as may be necessary for the suppression of crime. Mr. Dillon's reception by the Dublin populace shows that he has the people back of him, not only in his profound sympathy for the Boer cause, but in any policy of obstruction of British legislation he and his colleagues may devise. And, as we have pointed out before, the Land League, in its present claims for redress and in extenuation of its measures for forcing the attention of the British public to consideration of the island's wrongs, has support, which it never had in Parnell's day, of Unionists like Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., and not a few other north of Ireland Protestants.

Some Former Friends of Ireland Alienated

On the other hand, if the Ministry decides to proceed to drastic measures, it will have the support, tacit, if not open, of many Liberals. The pro-Boer partisanship of the Irish during the past three years has completed Liberal alienation from the cause of Home Rule in quarters where formerly sympathy for Ireland was strong; and while Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman still insist that Home Rule shall be a plank in the Liberal platform, the rank and file are more likely to follow Lord Rosebery on this issue, and he wipes Home Rule off the Liberal slate. We infer this from the editorials and speeches of Nonconformist journals and leaders, who were Mr. Gladstone's staunchest supporters, but who admit now that John Bright and R. W. Dale were sounder party advisers than Gladstone.

Pro-Boerism in Australia

Like Brer Fox in Uncle Remus, the pro-Boers in Australia have been lying low for a long time. At last, however, after waiting for a couple of years, they have found courage enough to speak. Something under 100 of them met in Sydney and formed an Anti-War League. The title was designed to catch those who are on general principles opposed to war, but it was quickly and clearly discerned by the community that, while nominally directed against war, the league was really directed against Mr. Chamberlain. The league drew up a petition to the English Parliament, which contains proposals following in all important points those made by Mr. Stead and his party. This pro-Boer movement provoked an extraordinary patriotic demonstration. Thousands of people gathered in important centers and carried, with every demonstration of enthusiasm, resolutions expressing confidence in the British government and in Lord Kitchener's conduct of war, and declaring that the accusations of barbarity brought against "the imperial federated army" are slanders. It is significant that the central

meeting held in Sydney was under the auspices of the Australian Natives' Association. Australia and New Zealand, when the last contingents are gone, will have sent 20,000 troops to South Africa. This fact is sufficient evidence that the imperial sentiment in Australasia is something more than a matter of phrases.

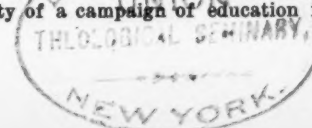
The Two-Thirds Who Stay

Fully two-thirds of those who attended the recent Students' Volunteer Convention were not personally committed to the movement, and in all probability will never see service on foreign soil. They went to Toronto to receive the education and catch the inspiration of this splendid student uprising. But the effect upon them was hardly less marked than upon the enrolled volunteers. It is seldom that sympathetic non-participants in a great missionary undertaking are influenced to such an extent as was the case at Toronto. Those who remain in this country will not quickly lose the desire fostered in them to relate themselves in some way to the great work of the world's evangelization.

It speaks much for a movement when it is able to leave its impress on those not strictly associated with it. Indeed, no large undertaking is likely to succeed that cannot raise up an army of reserves. The Union would never have been maintained in the dark days of the early sixties had not the men who went to the front been sustained by the multitudes who remained behind and furnished the sinews of war. The men who kept the wheels of industry moving throughout the North, the women who knitted stockings and scraped lint and prepared comfort bags, were as essential to the final outcome as the soldiers who fought at Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

The real problem of the foreign missions today is in the home churches. On the field the outlook was never brighter; converts are multiplying, the schools and colleges are crowded. New fields appeal pathetically for cultivation. There is work enough to do in every missionary station to occupy twice the force on duty. It is only in the churches in America that the enterprise lags. A faithful few carry the missionary movement on their hearts, pray and give and sacrifice on its behalf, but the rank and file of church members are touched hardly at all with the missionary enthusiasm. A few days after the Toronto meeting we met a well-known missionary from India at home on a furlough. "Ah!" said he, "that student convention was tremendously refreshing after the cold baths we often get as we go about among the churches." It is too true that the critical, anti-missionary spirit, which in the outside world has expressed itself so unfairly and bitterly, in recent months, has crept into the church. Even men who profess and call themselves Christians are asking whether, after all, it pays to send missionaries to the depressed nations; whether they are not well enough off with the religions which now hold sway.

Those whose business it is to administer missionary work on a large scale are seeing more and more clearly the necessity of a campaign of education in the



home churches. The plans of the student volunteer leaders do not ignore this important factor. What Mr. Wishard and his coadjutors in the forward movement of the American Board are undertaking to do is to enlist two or three persons, or even one, in every church who will study about missions, meet with those similarly minded for conference, and constitute in those churches a base of supplies, a reservoir of interest, which shall, by and by, quicken the church generally. If one, on account of his age or circumstances, cannot go to the foreign field today, the opportunity of serving the cause here at home was never so great or inviting. It is possible for two or three determined men and women to alter the attitude of an entire church towards the missionary movement. Why should we who cannot engage personally in disciplining the nations lose the push and the thrill of the movement itself? Its success in the next twenty-five years depends quite as much upon those who stay at home as those who go. Let the two-thirds of that Toronto audience rest not until they have succeeded in arousing their home churches to the real business of missions. Let every one who supports the enterprise by a gift, however small, recognize the added obligation of becoming himself a center of dauntless missionary enthusiasm. As Dr. McKenzie, preaching last Sunday on the Volunteer Movement, well said: "The work is one and he who is not fit to go abroad is not fit to stay here. The same devotion to the same Lord, the same allegiance to the same truth, will be needed in one place as in the other."

The Passing of Oberlin's Grand Old Man

The estimate of ex-President Fairchild's work published in this issue, written by President Barrows of Oberlin, is a striking one. Those of our readers who preserve files of the paper should return to the issue of Feb. 1 and read the appreciation of Dr. Fairchild by Prof. H. C. King, whose work in constructive and reconstructive theology is making Oberlin conspicuous. We are glad that while the venerable ex-president was still living we were able to present to our readers so adequate a portraiture of him. Professor King dwelt with affectionate pride on the catholicity of spirit of Dr. Fairchild, his symmetrical development, his openness to truth, come from what source it might, his entire satisfaction, humbly expressed, with the simple but noble career which he had been able to live in Oberlin, his optimism as an old man, recognizing that change must come, but that the essential things of life—secular and religious—were permanent, his loyal support of those who have come after him, whether as administrators or as teachers of theology. On his eightieth birthday the faculty of Oberlin, in presenting an address of congratulation, said to him: "To all of us, even to the latest comer, your simple presence and life are a ground of faith and hope." No higher tribute than this can be paid to a man.

In his autobiography Dr. Fairchild said: "No man, living or dead, ever dreamed of writing his name on Oberlin." Thus spake the modest administrator. Never-

theless, unconsciously Dr. Fairchild did write his name on Oberlin, and gave it a place and a power in the religious and educational world which, but for him, it would not have. We have never known a man who left on us a profounder impression of completeness of character.

Dual Alliance No. 2

Russian comment on the recently announced compact between Great Britain and Japan had been singularly meager and neutral when expressed at all. The silence was ominous. Last week the official reply to the treaty came in the form of a joint declaration by Russia and France that the Anglo-Japanese convention accords in its purpose with the purpose of Russia and France for China, namely, preservation of her autonomy.

So far all would seem to be well. But Russia and France proceed to point out that "they are compelled, however, not to lose from view the possibly inimical action of other Powers, or a repetition of disorders in China, possibly impairing China's integrity and free development to the detriment of their reciprocal interests. They, therefore, reserve to themselves the right to take measures to defend these interests." This, of course, is but a polite way of saying that the Russo-French alliance as it obtains in Europe has been extended in its area and has binding force in the far East. Hence the world knows now formally what it knew formerly by inference, namely, that Russia, with its eye on northern China, and France, with its eye on southern China, are to stand and fall together. No new and surprising element has been brought into the far Eastern situation by this declaration. Great Britain and Japan had anticipated it, hence their compact. The balance of power, as before, rests with Germany and the United States, neither of which are likely to side with Russia and France either in diplomacy or war.

While reports from Peking indicate that the situation is clearing up so far as Manchuria is concerned, and that the effect of the Anglo-Japanese compact with the moral support of the United States has been to stiffen China's resistance to Russian demands, reports from the province of Shantung, where Germany is grasping right and left, and from the southern provinces, where the rebels are defeating the imperial troops in battle after battle, are such as to cause alarm in circles near the throne, and in London and Washington.

Russia now seems willing to pledge herself to withdraw from Manchuria entirely in eighteen months, giving up section after section at intervals of six months. Germany is acting stubbornly at Tientsin, for a time defeating the withdrawal of the Allies' forces, and is enlarging her claims in the province of Shantung in such a way as to have drawn a protest from Secretary of State Hay. In the southern provinces the forces arrayed against the imperial troops have the moral support of the reform element. In all probability their success is due largely to their superior equipment with weapons purchased in the United States, and there is much feeling at Peking over the fact

that the United States, by its refusal of support to the proposition to prohibit the export of arms and ammunition to China, defeated that plan of the allied diplomats, and hence now, in a double sense, is responsible for the imperial reverses in south China, in an area where France may feel called upon to interfere; and if she does—then "all the fish will be in the fire," to use a homely but pertinent adage.

The Joy of the Risen Lord

The instinct of life is marvelous. The shrub dies hard. The smallest insect fights for life. Man will go to the antipodes, spend fortunes, suffer agonies, brave anything to save his life. Witness the heroic sufferers in our hospitals.

Man's intuition is ever reaching out for something better. What he really wants is life untrammelled, unending. We do not realize it here, but the craving will not down. It was born in man when God created him a living soul. Dismayed by mortal brevity, disappointment or sorrow, we finally declare, if God be wisdom and love, there must be life beyond the earth. It is the inevitable conclusion.

Reason, analogy, history point to a better world. It is Christ who gives assurance of progress. All ages have had vague notions of a hereafter. Christ brought immortality to light. He showed that without him existence is not desirable, but that it is the redeemed soul which enters into endless glory. This the Christian learns by faith, experience, education as a disciple; and he becomes convinced by the Christ character forming within him that the words of his Master are true, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Here is the fulfillment and consummation of all desires, talents and possibilities. In this confidence, on the death of his father, Phillips Brooks wrote "of the new life which father has begun and which can never be broken. When we remember his weakness and restlessness a week ago and then think of the perfect peace and joy and knowledge that he is enjoying now it is not so hard to bear it all and even to be thankful. Now he is with Christ. It will not be long before we are with him. Let us try to be brave and wait."

Just as the astounded disciples were exultant on beholding their crucified Master alive, so the Christian stands upon the incontrovertible fact of Christ's resurrection. If that is not proven by the revelation of the Bible and by actual occurrence in history, no other record of men is reliable or true. Hundreds saw the slain Jesus again, and were ready to die for what they maintained. Fifty days later 3,000 men, who had the chance to look into the facts, believed and confessed him. Paul's masterly classic rings with triumph. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory." The symbol of eternal life is not the crucifix, but the empty sepulcher; the consoling thought is not the branch of prophetic green to soften the pagan crape at the door, but the amazing word of the angel, "He is risen, he is not here!" The Christian rivets his life and hope to a living, risen Lord, and is comforted with exceeding joy.

A Prize Offer

Wishing to develop and enlarge its Children's Department, *The Congregationalist* offers a prize of \$25 for the best short juvenile story, 1,000 to 1,600 words, suited to children between eight and twelve years of age; and a second prize of \$10 for the next best story. The contest will be open until May 1, 1902. We shall reserve the right to publish, at regular rates, any manuscripts submitted. Address, Prize Story, Children's Department, *The Congregationalist*, Boston.

In Brief

Protestant Great Britain and the United States send the school-teacher after the soldier. Mr. Chamberlain is sending hundreds of school-teachers out to South Africa to teach in the former Boer republics.

We publish a chapter this week from one of the most helpful recent books for mothers, Mrs. Chenery's *As the Twig Is Bent*, reviewed not long ago in our columns. Instead of advice and moralizing on the duty of parents, Mrs. Chenery offers her suggestions in narrative form in a way which illustrates methods and processes.

Henry Drummond's memory is to be perpetuated in Glasgow by a fountain erected in the Glasgow West End Park, near his former home and the Free Church College in which he taught, the donors being his tried and long-time friends, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. A more appropriate symbol of the life Drummond lived could not have been chosen.

"I know two atheists in our college, but they are both sophomores," was one of the many bright sentences dropped at the Boston Congregational Club last Monday evening by the five college students who told of the religious life at their respective institutions. What a fine thing it is that sophomore year is only a transient period in a student's educational career!

Dr. Meredith's host of friends will welcome the assurance that his homeward journey from Mexico has been accomplished in safety, and that he reached Brooklyn last Saturday morning wearied, but improved in health. On Sunday President Raymond of Union College made the joyful announcement to the large congregation at Tompkins Avenue that the pastor would probably recover. The trustees have extended his leave of absence till fall.

The transfer of the Anglican Church establishment in Hawaii to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States will take place April 1, Bishop Nichols of San Francisco having sailed for Honolulu to act for the American church. The conduct of the Anglican bishop, resident in Honolulu, throughout the negotiations about to be consummated has not been especially winsome, and Bishop Potter, who visited Honolulu to aid in the transfer when he was *en route* round the world, could a tale unfold which would be interesting reading.

Seldom do people of means have a worthier object of sympathy than that which is now receiving so much attention from the press of Massachusetts, namely, the raising of funds for the relief of the families of the brave life-savers at the Monomoy Life Saving Station on Cape Cod, who lost their lives in attempting to rescue the crew of a stranded coal barge in the recent storm. \$33,980 have been received by Lee, Higginson & Co. since the fund was opened; and still the money pours in. Seldom does an entire crew perish as did the crew in this instance.

A correspondent of *The Standard* having attacked Prof. W. N. Clarke of Hamilton Theological Seminary, charging him with

teaching that "the Old Testament is a collection of pagan legends, and the New Testament contains the story of Jesus of Nazareth, whose conception and resurrection were not miraculous," the members of the Senior Class of the seminary, who have taken a full course under Professor Clarke, write to *The Standard*, denying the correspondent's statements, and saying that so far from his influence being "withering," the students have "received new courage and a call to deeper devotion."

Through no fault of ours, a statement in these columns not long ago relating to the number of men in the different colleges who intend to make the Christian ministry their life work did injustice to Oberlin. Instead of five men, as there stated, no less than eighteen students now on the ground expect to become ministers. Moreover, as many more are missionary volunteers, three now being in the seminary and fifteen in the college. Others who have not yet fully made up their minds will doubtless eventually enter the ministry. This puts Oberlin nearer its traditional record touching the supply of ministers and missionaries.

With better times some churches are increasing their pastors' salaries. This is notably true in Kansas and California. The feeling is growing that the better the support the larger the efficiency. Two hundred dollars additional salary will often secure double the results expected, for the base line of spiritual service is not the entire salary, but the amount above the point of physical necessity. Would not a better term than "maintain a pastor" be "apostolize a pastor"? Let him be so well sustained that he shall have freedom from material cares, a buoyant spirit and the privilege of the best books and papers. A poor man or an underpaid man is no man for the pastorate. The standard for Congregationalism is strength.

The inevitable has happened in Canadian Presbyterian journalism, and the *Presbyterian Review* of Toronto has been purchased by *The Westminster* of the same city, a journal which as soon as it entered the field in 1896, with Rev. J. A. Macdonald as editor, at once gripped Canadian religious folk by its enterprise, virility and good taste. In 1897 *The Canada Presbyterian* was purchased, later *The Presbyterian*, then *The Northern Presbyterian*, and in 1900 *The Western Presbyterian* of Winnipeg became the property of *The Westminster*, a Western office being maintained in the city of Winnipeg, with an associate editor and an assistant business manager. Thus have the Canadian Presbyterians worked out the problem of support of their religious journals. "Elimination by inclusion" describes the forces.

How some of those Western colleges do occasionally move forward almost by leaps and bounds! Not that there are not many years when exceedingly limited means and meager equipments make the hearts of teachers sad, but sometimes there comes a time when a signal advance is registered almost in a single day. Such is the case with Colorado, which with the recent laying of the corner stone of its new scientific building has entered on a new and auspicious chapter in its history. This structure, it is estimated, will cost more than all the other thirteen buildings now on the campus. If Harvard or Yale could thus double its equipment in a single year, how much it would mean for the cause of education in the East. But the result in coming years may show that the doubling of power at Colorado means a great gain for Christian education throughout the Rocky Mountain region.

A lawyer disbarred in 1894 was restored to good standing by Chief-Justice Mason of the Massachusetts Supreme Court last week. The lawyer claimed that he had atoned for his

misconduct, and that he had regained the confidence of the community and of his professional colleagues, and as a proof of the same presented a petition, signed by eight hundred lawyers, asking for his restoration. Chief-Justice Mason, in a memorandum accompanying the decision, said: "The principal purpose in removing an attorney is not punishment, but the protection of the community from those unworthy of confidence. The question whether the petitioner shall be restored is not primarily whether sufficient punishment has been suffered, but whether the petitioner is now worthy of the confidence which the law, both written and unwritten, contemplates." It is interesting to see how the punitive conception is fading away among men charged, in our most advanced communities, with responsibility for dealing with those who have fallen.

Now and then we have convincing proof of the power of the press. Last week we intimated that it might be a gracious thing for some one in this country to present a silver cup to Madam Tsilka's baby, born while she and Miss Stone were in captivity. Not three hours had elapsed after the paper began to be in the hands of our readers before a beautiful silver cup appeared at our counter, designed for that little infant 5,000 miles away. Suspicion points decidedly to Rev. D. W. Waldron as the donor. It would be just like him to do it, and to do it promptly and well. At any rate, the beautiful treasure will be forwarded by fast express to the little Bulgarian maid, who, by the way, is not named after Miss Stone, but after her mother's mother. If all the good will and affection that have been drawn out toward Miss Stone and her companion in suffering could be distilled into the cup, it would be an appropriate collateral offering, but it will in itself remind those distant friends that baby Elena will be cherished in the thought of many people on this side the water. Miss Stone's friends expect to see her in America before the close of April.

Oberlin's New Professor

The faculty and general council of Oberlin Seminary have chosen a professor for the chair of Old Testament language and literature, made vacant by the death of Dr. G. S. Burroughs last fall. The trustees of Oberlin have informally ratified the selection.

The new professor, Dr. Julius A. Bewer, is a graduate of the Royal Gymnasium of Düsseldorf, Germany, and of Union Seminary, New York. Taking his B. D. at the last-named institution in 1898, he entered upon a year's study in Columbia University as a Fellow in the Semitic department. A vacant fellowship at Union in 1899 was transferred to Mr. Bewer, and he spent the next two years in Europe at the universities of Basel, Halle and Berlin. Columbia gave him the Doctorate of Philosophy in 1900. Since Dr. Bewer's return to America last fall, he has served as assistant to Dr. E. C. Moore in Central Church, Providence, R. I. While in New York he was active in church and mission work, for a time serving as assistant to Rev. Theodore Leonhard, German pastor of the Olivet Church.

Evidence is abundant as to Dr. Bewer's efficiency as a scholar. He is thoroughly versed in Hebrew and cognate languages. Writings of his have appeared in the *American Journal of Theology*, in the *Journal of Semitic Languages*, and in the *Biblical World*. A fellow-student speaks of him as enthusiastic, original and an indefatigable worker. Dr. Francis Brown says, "If he lives he is likely to become a scholar of distinction within ten years." Testimony as to his sweet spirit and deep religious life is given by those with whom he worked as student and missionary.

P. L. C.

Edward Howard Griggs: His Influence

By Charles Francis Carter

When Mr. Griggs, a little over a year ago, under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club, began, in Lorimer Hall, his Boston lectures on *The New Humanism* one could easily find a seat. But the audiences increased steadily, until during the present season lines of expectant hearers have blocked the sidewalk in front of Tremont Temple on Saturday morning, and the large auditorium has been substantially filled, the climax being reached at the last lecture, when over 3,000 were admitted and 500 turned away.

Over 2,000 responses to inquiries made by the committee in charge have shown that only a comparatively small proportion of the attendants were from Boston, while more than one-fourth have come from places over ten miles distant, some from as far south as Fall River and others from the Connecticut Valley. This is no ordinary event, even in lecture-loving Boston. The least one can say is that it is an interesting phenomenon, providing material for a study of personality and "the mind of the crowd."

In estimating the influence of this lecturer something must be set down to the effect of personal appearance and manner. There is a youthful form with a pose evidently natural and temperamental, half that of an aesthete and half like a mediæval saint; its outline would serve admirably for a figure in an ecclesiastical window. Of this attitude no hearer would be quite oblivious. Associated with it is a voice that is almost affected, almost pious in its pleading intonation, yet not altogether either of these, for it is a voice of remarkable carrying power, tender and refined. With the voice go gestures, graceful, sinuous at times, never forceful nor struck out from the shoulder, but free, spontaneous and quite in harmony with the voice and style of the speaker. By this personal manner, whether one be attracted or at first repelled, an atmosphere of expectancy is developed, and one becomes interested to hear what is to be said.

Of things to say there is no lack. The speaker's mind is replete with information, which he has thoroughly appropriated and is able to impart with rare facility. Here, probably, we touch one vital element of his fascinating power, for something akin to fascination there certainly is. From the initial sentence to the close there is not a ripple of hesitation in the stream of speech; it is the easy and natural outflow of a mind thoroughly at home in the facts and thoughts to be shared.

Yet there is far more than the sound of the voice to be considered. There are facts, often well known, here set in orderly relations and interestingly grouped. There are ideas both understood in their historic origins and apprehended in their lasting value, and also in their contemporary application. There is a body of truth to be set forth and vital interpretations to be given of it. Unquestionably Mr. Griggs speaks under the conviction of a mission and a message. He

has things to say that he deems important, and he lets his light shine—yes, he lets it shine. He does not attempt to set you on fire against your will. He has not the incisive force of a zealot. He does not hammer truth into men by hard blows. Whenever he uses a weapon it is the rapier, and not the bludgeon. Yet he stands firm. He does not trim. He is conciliatory, but explicit. He is ready to accept almost any gauntlet, if some questioner persists, even though it lead aside from his chosen field, and if he is driven into a corner, theological or otherwise, he does not turn face to the wall. He is a master in the art of verbal self-defense, and his opponent needs to be wary. This skill in rejoinder has made the conferences after the lectures interesting, while the deeper attraction has been the man.

Three main features are apparent in



the service that Mr. Griggs renders to his auditors. In presenting a great moral leader, he gives a singularly sympathetic portrayal of the man. Others could easily marshal more facts and present a larger number of interesting incidents relative to the life of his hero; they could more profoundly analyze the sources of power; or, choosing one leader as their peculiar master, could give a more ardent and absorbing presentation of his genius; but few men there are who could speak of ten world leaders and give the impression of such genuine, inner appreciation of each of them. His depiction of St. Francis of Assisi was a constructive, spiritual portraiture, bringing the saint before us in living flesh and spirit, the spirit dominating, as it should in a real saint. While this was the most distinguished presentation of the course, the same quality of moral congeniality with his subject was repeatedly manifest.

Beside this, he puts his finger on the salient points that characterize the leader's message to humanity. He is willing to let a great many things go unsaid, provided he may express the one thing that most of all needs expression. To many minds this is a welcome relief from excess of information, and it is one of the reasons why busy, intelligent people hear this speaker so gladly and easily. What he says in the compass of an hour might easily be boiled down to fifteen or twenty minutes—but the boiling down would

spoil it. It would lay upon the memory a difficult task in place of what is now a grateful one. He has consummate art in neglecting what does not appeal to him.

A critic has informed the public that when Professor Griggs left the University of Berlin, after a short stay of a month or two, it was because he felt the distinguished professors there had nothing more to give him. Undoubtedly this argues a limitation, though not necessarily that of intellectual self-sufficiency. Probably it meant that he knew what he wanted and saw that he was not going to get it there. Certainly it is characteristic of the man that he has the courage of his limitations. This, coupled with a genius for appropriation, renders him greatly serviceable to the ordinary man. It was a trained educator who appreciated this quality, in saying, "He does my reading for me." He dares to make general statements in definite form, without too much qualification. He affixes labels that are sufficiently broad to be safe and accurate enough to be of value.

A third distinguishing feature of Professor Griggs's work appears as he sets the man and his message in the broad perspective of the world's moral history. He has chosen men as exponents of the dynamic power in personality to further individual and social development. And it should be noted that the recent course has presented concrete illustrations of the principles set forth in the earlier course on the New Humanism. A survey of Greek philosophy was the background against which Socrates appeared. St. Francis was introduced by a rare analysis of the spirit of the Middle Age, with a tribute to the period when men lived for ultimate ends and with eternity in view, contrasting the spirit of this present time when men live so largely for proximate ends. Reference to the French Revolution and a concise summary of the influence of German philosophy as expressed in Kant were found needful to the proper focus of Carlyle and his work.

The most serious defect to be noted, in the interest both of moral and intellectual progress, is a limitation incident to any such public lectureship, for which the auditors are liable to be quite as responsible as the speaker. It is the danger of making people feel conversant with leading moral ideals and philosophic systems when they have only been graciously introduced. It would be both interesting and profitable to know whether out of the 3,000 people who have been in touch with this course one in ten has gone home to read his Plato or her Plato—for there were ladies present—in order to get closer to the mind of Socrates. Peradventure, if there be thirty who more earnestly con the *Encheiridion* of Marcus Aurelius or who in their devotions enter into closer fellowship with St. Francis, the community may be saved from the reproach of ideals seen and handled but not realized.

Of Mr. Griggs's own seriousness, however, and of his sincere, moral purpose there can be no doubt. Beyond the direct

service he renders as an interpreter of other men, there is the continual evidence of his own ideality and moral enthusiasm. This seems especially true in relation to Emerson, whose influence on Mr. Griggs has been confessedly great, and from whom, one suspects, he would not at any point radically dissent.

With this element of personal testimony subtly interfused throughout all his utterances, there is also an impression of catholicity and rare candor. It is not common to meet a dispassionate mind joined to a passionate spirit. It is notably uncommon to find one, untrammelled by traditional allegiance to sect or denomination or formulated movement, who occupies an entirely open platform, who nevertheless does not indulge the spirit of a free lance, nor attempts to prove his liberty by intemperate assault, and who has no proprietary panacea by which to heal mankind. Tremont Temple has been resounding to the voice of a singularly candid and considerate man, and the tribute paid by one who had sharply questioned Mr. Griggs, disclosing a section of pertinent information of which the lecturer was not cognizant, though extreme in its form, was not without significance, "He has no prejudices."

As his hearers recall these delightful talks, simple and unpretentious as they have been in manner, though profound in theme and audacious in scope, the conviction must be deepened in thoughtful minds that truth is truth wherever found, that it has spiritual validity whatever be its source, and that the man who dares to be himself serves all.

Miss Stone's Release

FURTHER PARTICULARS GLEANED FROM
RECENT LETTERS

As is already known the culmination of the efforts for the rescue of the captives came on Sunday morning, Feb. 23, at about 3.30 or 4 A. M., under a pear tree, a little distance from the village of Gradeshorts, which is about three miles to the west of the city of Strumnitz. They had to wait in the cold until daylight before they entered the village, on account of the dogs, which are usually savage. At dawn Mrs. Tsilka went toward the village and found an Albanian, who led them to the head man of the village, and through him they obtained horses for the city, where they arrived at 9 o'clock or a little before. They were received with great joy by their friends. Telegrams were sent to Salonica, and the governor of Strumnitz telegraphed to the Mutessareff of Serres, where Dr. House and Mr. Gargiulo were waiting anxiously for the good word. They left Serres immediately for Salonica, and on the next day went to Strumnitz, whence on Tuesday, Feb. 25, they escorted the released captives to Salonica. There they have remained in the Mission House.

The ladies had an ovation in the region of Strumnitz, many coming in from the villages and a number from Radowich, six hours distant. The Greek community of Strumnitz also sent a letter of sympathy to them as they left the city. A great crowd were awaiting them on

their arrival in Salonica, Tuesday evening, Feb. 25, including people of several nationalities—Greeks, Bulgarians, Wallachians, Turks, Spaniards. Dr. House writes: "Great joy is expressed in all quarters at their final deliverance from this awful captivity."

Mr. Peet, who had charge of the ransom fund, had the full confidence of the officials of the American Board in Boston, and none the less when dispatches of foreign correspondents stated that the mission of himself and associates had ended in failure.

The whole story, including its last stages, is a mixture of tragedy and romance. The rescue and release of the captives have had a strange sequel. Mr. Gargiulo, the dragoman who aided the negotiations for release, said: "I've seen the play of The Brigands in a comic theater, where brigands stalked around in full view of the police, and it is literally true." The way that the captors of Miss Stone managed to circumvent the whole force of the Turkish empire certainly shows ability which compels admiration. We must also credit them with one more thing. The money was paid days before the captives were freed. The Turks persistently broke their promise not to pursue the band with troops, and yet the brigands kept their word and delivered the captives "at a city or a railway station."

In and Around New York

Plymouth's New Organist

Plymouth Church has engaged Dudley Buck to preside at the organ, beginning May 1. He succeeds G. W. Stebbins, who has been playing at Plymouth for about three years and now goes to Emmanuel Baptist. Mr. Buck has been playing many years at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. Rev. Samuel Scoville, assistant to Dr. Hillis, is quite ill and will have to go away for a month or more. Mr. Porter is slowly recovering, but is not yet able to take up his work at Plymouth.

Noon Services in Episcopal Churches

Noon day Lenten services at New York Episcopal churches are fully as well attended as last year, and in some cases larger congregations assemble than ever. Grace and Trinity Churches have the largest numbers, from 600 to 700 daily, partly because they are accessible to thousands of business people, and partly because noon day services have

The Thought of Immortality

By Zephine Humphrey

The thought of my own immortality
Doth like a flaming angel's wing salute
My startled sense, and blind me into mute,
All-fearful joy. O, older than the sea,
Still to exist when mountains cease to be,
Divine, uncaptured, bearing patient fruit
Of mortal years awhile, my soul hears bruit
Of vaster things that have been and shall be.

How then am I not shamed that life or pain
At any time can fether me, or tears
Prevail against my-singing! Soul, be strong!
A little while, and fallen to dust the years,
A little while, and God's free heaven again,
Meantime, God's earth; lift high thy native song.

been maintained by them for years. St. Paul's Chapel averages only about 300, because on only Wednesday and Friday is an address made, the litany being read other days. Calvary Church, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, has from 200 to 300, about the same as last year.

The Controversy at Greenwich Point

The church at Greenwich Point, L. I., has long been a subject of dispute among the residents of the place, and the matter has at length been taken to the courts. It seems to be agreed that the church was started by Congregationalists, and that the land on which the building stands was given with the understanding that that body was to continue the work. For some reason or other attendance fell off, and a year or more ago a majority of the trustees leased the property to the Episcopalians, represented by Canon Bryan of the Cathedral of the Incarnation. The church was fitted up and refurnished and Episcopal services were maintained, but the Congregationalists of Greenwich Point have always held that they had been wronged in the matter, and now seek an injunction restraining Episcopalians from holding service in the building.

The First Carnegie Library Building

The architect's plan has just been filed and the work of construction is to begin at once. The building is to be on East Seventy-ninth Street, near Third Avenue, and will cost \$50,000. It is to be four stories high, with a frontage of forty feet and a depth of ninety-two. In interior arrangement the latest library practice will be followed and the greatest possible convenience provided for reading rooms and circulating department.

Mr. Dyott at United Church

Since the coming of Mr. Dyott last May, fifty or more members have been added and there has been marked increase in attendance, the average being nearly doubled. Much advantage has been found in the systematic visiting of the neighborhood put in practice some time ago. The parish is divided into six districts, each in charge of one deacon and one deaconess. A close knowledge of each district is thus gained which is a great help to the church work. The chapel is to be renovated and frescoed at a cost of \$500, the work to be completed before summer. C. N. A.

"When an American railroad president or a steel president loses \$100,000 at Monte Carlo it means that more than 100,000 American laboring men have been transferred from the service of their country to slave for a day for a luxurious Latin prince."—Rev. Percy S. Grant, New York City.

In the Common Ward—An Easter Story

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

"You won't take away the screen?"

It was the same question in the same weak voice, tremulous with its eagerness. The sweet-faced nurse sighed.

"Not today," she said, gently. "Now, if you were to let me turn you over on the pillows, don't you think you could go to sleep? The ward is very quiet now."

"O, the ward, the ward!" moaned the sick woman. It was the same moan, in the same pitiful way. The sweet-faced nurse wondered if the trouble would never grow any less.

"Wait—O, are you going away? I—I wish you would promise it once more. You won't let anybody else take it away, either—promise that." The thin little fingers were holding the nurse by her dress.

"Not today—I promise," Nurse Mary answered, quietly. She put back the relaxed fingers on the white counterpane and went away.

Little Miss Annissa Goldthwaite had been in Ward B. only a week, but O, the anguish of body and soul she had known in those seven terrible days! The soul pain had been harder to endure than that of her little aching body. If she could have lain in one of the little private rooms at the end of the ward, shut in by the blessed privacy of four walls—but *this*—to lie here with only a slender, insufficient screen to shield her from curious eyes and shut out those rows of beds—O, this was terrible!

Not many years ago a sharp dividing line had separated little Miss Annissa's luxurious past from a hard, poverty-stricken future. The pen of fate had drawn the sharp line with one swift stroke. But Miss Annissa had not recoiled. She had stepped quietly over the line into the untried, pinching, bitter ways of poverty. Until now, had she ever known what real poverty was? Until now, when for lack of a little—such a little!—money she must lie here in this common ward among these common people?

"I cannot bear it," sobbed Miss Annissa into her pillows. "It is so little to ask—just for bare walls to shelter me and shut me in! I would not ask for special care or for any luxuries, only for the walls to shut me in! There I could be alone again. Then I need not lie here and hear them cry out, and moan, and talk in their rough, uncultured ways. Then I need not live in the dread—the dread! That is the worst—I cannot bear that!"

Yes, that was worst. To lie all day and all night and dread their taking the screen away. The nurse with the sweet face—no, the Tall One, for there were two with dear, sweet faces—had said it might have to be taken away by and by. No one was always kept screened, like this, unless very critically ill. And Miss Annissa, though weak and spent with pain, was not as ill as that. By and by they would take away the screen. Then the curious eyes—Miss Annissa shuddered. And she would have to see them, too, the one who talked with the Irish

brogue, and the one with the black face, and the woman across the aisle that made such sorry work with the King's English. In all her forty-seven years little Miss Annissa Goldthwaite had never eaten and waked and slept with people like that. On the far side of the sharp division line, luxury and refinement had hedged her in and protected her. Since she had stepped across the line she had given up only the luxury. The refinement was a part of the delicate little woman's nature.

"Well? How is the little Aristocrat?"

Nurse Mary sighed. The two sweet-faced nurses met half way down the double row of white beds. Nurse Lizbeth echoed the sigh gently. The little patient behind the screen was on both their hearts.

"I've promised her another day—I had to."

"You'll have to fight it out with the Boss, then. I shan't! I did yesterday."

"Yes, it's my turn. I dread it. The Boss isn't in sympathy."

"She never is, but I think the little Aristocrat makes her—er—nervous."

"Look here, Lizbeth Trent, I'm going to stand between her and that poor, shrinking little creature behind there till the last minute!"

"Me, too! I'm with you, dear. Take us together we can make quite a stand. I believe it would half kill the little Aristocrat to tear down her poor little walls."

"Yes, O, yes. She isn't made of the same ingredients as these other women. Poor little thing, she hasn't very much blood, but what she has is blue—blue!"

The head nurse had entered the ward and was coming toward them, pausing with sharp scrutiny beside each cot. The sweet-faced nurses parted slowly and went their separate ways. Nurse Mary stopped beside the head nurse—the "Boss," in Ward B. parlance.

"Good-morning, Miss Quimby," she said, brightly.

"Good-morning, Mary. Is everything going well? Number Three's temperature is higher, I see."

"Yes, a little, but you are feeling pretty well, aren't you, Aunty?" smiled the sweet-faced nurse.

"Bress yo' heart, honey, I'se feelin' prime. Ain't let out one o' dem 'clare-ter-gracious groans dis mo'nin'! Dere's times I jus' nacherly gotter let 'em out, but I'se feelin' prime terday." The lean old black hand strayed over the white coverlet toward the girl's hand as if sure of being gently stroked. Nurse Mary stooped and touched it, then the withered face silhouetted against the white pillows. "Aunty" was on Nurse Mary's heart, too.

"She won't last many days longer," whispered the head nurse, as the two went on together. Nurse Mary's face saddened.

"Poor old Aunty!—no. She is growing weaker. And she suffers so—it makes my heart ache"—

"Never mind Aunty now." The head nurse's voice was crisp and businesslike.

"Why is Number Five sitting up? Does Dr. Mann approve of it? I don't."

"Yes, the doctor lets her. But she'd do it anyway, I believe! She's bound to sit up, aren't you, Mrs. Phelan?"

It was the voice with the Irish brogue that answered. Behind her screen Miss Annissa heard it and groaned softly.

"Sure, yis, 'tis sittin' up I'm bound to be, darlin'. An' how c'ud I iver get well an' go back to me man an' th' childer, lyin' on th' flat av me back?"

"She will do it," Nurse Mary smiled as the tour of inspection proceeded. "She says it's the only thing she can do now for the 'childer.' I think she believes that sitting up is the way to get well!"

"Luckily she's getting well," the head nurse responded briefly. They were nearing the screened cot at the end of the ward and Nurse Mary was collecting her reserve forces for the attack. The Boss was sure to object to the screen.

"Well?" The tour of inspection was over and the two nurses had come together again beside one of the empty cots. "Well? you're alive and the screen still stands, I see."

"Yes, and small thanks to you! Traitor, didn't you promise to stand by me and hold up my hands?"

"I couldn't, dear. I had to hold up Number Seven's. I've been rubbing her the last twenty minutes. The pain in her arms is worse today."

"Yes, I know—poor Number Seven! Poor everybody! It's—heartbreaking to be a nurse, Lizbeth. But there's nobody in Ward B. I pity quite so much as I do the little Aristocrat. She has the pain in her body and the pain in her pride, too. I don't know which is the worse."

"I do—the one in her pride. I'm thankful the Boss didn't make you take down the screen. How did you manage?"

"Never mind how I managed, my dear,—deserters don't deserve any confidences! The screen is there and it's going to be there another week, do you hear that?" And with a little triumphant laugh Nurse Mary hurried away.

Another week dragged out its painful length in Ward B. It was almost Easter, but nobody remembered but Miss Annissa, who reminded Nurse Mary.

"It's the ninth of April today, isn't it?" she asked one morning. "And next Sunday's Easter Sunday? I've been keeping account as well as I could."

"Next Sunday?—why is Easter as near as that? I've been so rushed lately I've hardly known Monday from—Friday."

The delicate little face on the pillows looked up into hers, intent with wistfulness. "I was thinking of lilies, my dear," Miss Annissa said.

"Lilies? Why, yes, we can almost smell them as near as this, can't we? We shall smell them Easter Sunday, anyway. They always bring us some from the churches. You will like that"—but she caught herself up at the sight of Miss Annissa's face. It was odd how it had stiffened and flushed with delicate color. Nurse Mary read the signals with the old

pity tugging at her heartstrings. Why hadn't she remembered that this was the little Aristocrat?

"I have never had anything given to me," Miss Annissa said, hastily. "I hope nobody would think of—O, my dear, my dear, can't you understand? I could not bear to be an object of charity—I could not bear it!" She waited an instant to steady her trembling voice, then went on more calmly. "It was my own lilies I was thinking of. There were five buds. I thought they would be out at Easter. I lie here and think how beautiful they were going to be!—of course they will be beautiful just the same if I'm not there, but no one will care. The woman who is keeping my plants for me will only look at them—I would have loved them."

Nurse Mary bent down suddenly and kissed the wistful white face.

"O, my dear!" sobbed little Miss Annissa, softly. "I am very miserable! How can I be thankful for His rising in a place like this, without even my lilies to make it Easter? If I had them—O, no, —O, no, I cannot bear it!"

"You poor dear! there, let me bathe your face. It will rest you a little. I wish I could set the lilies right on your little stand this minute! It would almost cure you, wouldn't it?"

"It would be beautiful," murmured the little sick one, wistfully. She lay very still and the regular strokes of the cool, soothing fingers comforted her.

The night before Easter Sunday Miss Annissa dreamed a wonderful dream. She thought an angel came and stood close beside her cot. He was radiant and beautiful and she thought she held out her arms to him with a glad cry.

"O, have you come for me?" she cried. "I want to go. I am so glad"—but the Shining One shook his head and smiled.

"Not for you—I have come for old black Aunty," he said. "She has suffered so long. The Master has sent me to carry her home."

"But I have suffered, too. If I could only go with you"—

"Dear soul, you forget!" the Shining One smiled gently. "Black Aunty is going with me—you would not like to travel with her. She is very black. Besides, Up There we have no private rooms. You would be in the common ward. No, no, the Master has sent you a message. You are to wait here till you learn to love all His children. For you will find them all Up There—the black ones and the ignorant ones and the humble ones. The Master loves them all. Now I must go to poor old black Aunty. She has learned her lesson of patience and can go home at last." The Shining One was turning away, but Miss Annissa thought she tried to hold him back by his radiant robe.

"O wait—please wait!" she pleaded. "It is so dreadful here! If they take away the screen I cannot bear it!"

"Up There there are no screens."

"But that will be different. I should not mind—I could bear it Up There!"

"Not unless you had learned your lesson down here. Be patient and learn it." And again the Shining One turned away. She could not hold him back, though she cried out earnestly.

"It is Easter Sunday so soon," she

cried. "I should like to spend Easter Sunday Up There!"

The Shining One smiled gently. "It is old black Aunty the Master has sent me for." But she thought he turned back and kissed her with his shining lips, and the sweetness of it woke her up—or was it the sweetness of the lilies? For there, on her little hospital table, stood her own pot of lilies! She knew the pot—she knew the leaves, the stalk, the opened buds. For a single bewildered instant little Miss Annissa thought the Shining One must have left it there. She did not know the plot concocted by the two sweet-faced nurses and carried out in spite of obstacles.

"Is it Easter? Am I Up There?" Miss Annissa cried out softly. Nurse Mary popped from the other side of the screen and laughed down at her in delight.

"It is Easter and those are your very own white lilies to keep it with!" she said. "Isn't that enough? Does it matter a bit how they came there? Smell of them—draw in a long breath."

There were five magnificent blossoms. Every bud had blossomed to keep the day of His rising. Their sweetness filled the little screened-off room and crept out under and over and round the edges into the big bare ward. Miss Annissa lay and drank it in, too happy to wonder or to question. It was Easter Sunday and the lilies were there—she could wait to know the rest.

Out in the ward she could hear voices—the Irish one and the one that misused its mother tongue. They were talking about the sweetness of the lilies.

"Sure, 'tis a breath out av hivin'! Shmell it, will ye, darlin'?"

"O, I've smelt it! I'm smellin' of it now! I ain't never smelt nothin' so sweet before."

"Nor me nayther. It's wishin' th' childer c'u'd be where I am, or anny rate the blissed little noses av thim! Arrah, darlin', but ye opened yer eyes wan minit too late. I'll lay yer didn't be seein' 'em whin the nur-ses was luggin' 'em in there behint. Yer eyes was shut, poor crature! But Nora Phelan's eyes was wide open as two windys, sure! I saw thim!"

"Were they as beautiful as they smell?"

"Don't be askin' me, darlin'. Faith, are ye thinkin' I'm an ar-r-tist that I can paint the pitcher av thim? But I saw thim, an' it's shtarvin' I am for another sight av their swate white faces."

Miss Annissa lay and listened. And suddenly her dream came back to her. She remembered the message the Shining One had brought her from the Master. The lesson she had to learn—did it mean—Miss Annissa's eyes rested on the beautiful lilies with wistful yearning. Could she bear it if they took away the screen? She started suddenly and tried to sit up. Some one was coming along the ward, and she called out. But it was neither of the sweet-faced nurses who answered the call. It was the head nurse, grave and severe.

"O, I wanted one of the others," Miss Annissa faltered.

"They have both gone to breakfast. I sent them. Can't I do it?" The voice was not ungentle. The head nurse's eyes were on the lilies as she spoke.

"Yes—O, I suppose so. I—I want you

to—to take it away," sobbed Miss Annissa.

"Take it away?" queried the head nurse, kindly. "O, the screen, you mean? Yes, I will take that away; I shall be glad enough to. Is that all?"

All! How could she know how much that was to the shrinking little Aristocrat? Miss Annissa buried her face in the pillows and shuddered at the clatter of the screen along the floor. Then she knew she was out there in the pitiless glare of the great ward. She turned her closed eyes toward the head nurse.

"Now the lilies; put them down there in the middle where everybody can see," she said. "I'd like them just in the middle."

When the sweet-faced nurses came back from breakfast, they stopped at the door in amazement. The lilies were there in the midst of the ward and the little white cot was in sight of them all—but no one was looking at it. From end to end of the ward every eye was fixed on the beautiful lilies that were keeping Easter Sunday. Only Number Three was missing in the row of cots. Miss Annissa knew the Shining One had been there for Number Three. In her heart she made a sudden resolve.

"Perhaps He will know it and take it for the answer to His message," she thought. And when Nurse Mary came she told her what to do. That was how it happened that a pure white lily lay against the worn black face of patient old Aunty when they carried her away. And the Easter bells that tolled her requiem were the same clear bells that sang a new and sweeter song to the little Aristocrat, out in the common ward.

Thine Easter Day

Within thine heart is there an open tomb?

Have God's strong angels rolled the stone away?

Rises thy dead self from its bonds of clay?
Breaks Heaven's sweet delight across the dark and gloom?

Then is this day in truth thine Easter day.

If broken down are stony gates of pride,

If shrouding bands of earth are torn away,
If sin and wrath and scorn in thee have died,
Mourn not the past. The folded shroud be-
side

Angels will watch;—it is thine Easter day.

Rise, new-born soul, and put thine armor on;
Clasp round thy breast the garment of the light;

Gird up thy loins for battle. In the fight
He leads who upward from our sight has gone;

It is His day; there's no more death nor night.

No dark, no hurt, no more sharp shame nor loss;

All buried, hidden 'neath the grave's dark sod;

All ways forgotten, save the road He trod;
All burdens naught in sight of His—the cross;
All joy, alive and safe with Christ and God!

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

The International C. E. Convention of 1903 will be held in Denver. In view of the fact that this city entertains the gathering in behalf of international Sunday school work in June next, Denver may be said to be well provided for as respects great assemblies, and able to provide for their comfort and success too.

James H. Fairchild

As We Knew Him in Oberlin

BY PRES. JOHN H. BARROWS OF OBERLIN COLLEGE

Dr. McCosh of Princeton once pointed to President Fairchild and said: "There is one of the profoundest theologians in the United States." He had great depth and clearness of thinking in regard to fundamental religious questions. He taught a theology which his hundreds of devoted students found to be preachable and effective. But he is remembered and honored today more as the man of well-rounded and well nigh perfect moral character than as a theologian. He belongs to the same rank of college presidents as Mark Hopkins.

During his presidency came the "building era" of Oberlin. Most of the beauti-

lified with all his heart in the methods and mission of Jesus.

Such a life as his connects our earthly landscape with the sky. From the passing days he took not their poorest but their best gifts, not "a few herbs and apples," but the stars and kingdoms of the soul, and the sky that holds them all.

His life gives new meaning to the words of the apostle, "The simplicity that is in Christ." His modest manhood is one of the chief glories of a college founded, not upon money, but upon God. Many are grateful for what he has wrought. That the moral conditions of the Mississippi Valley are as wholesome as they now are is due to him quite as much as to any one man.

His Life Story

Ex-President James Harris Fairchild of Oberlin College died at his home in Oberlin, Wednesday, March 19, of senile debility. He had been failing for several weeks and his friends knew that the end was near. His surviving children and other relatives were at his bedside when the end came.

James Harris Fairchild was born in Stockbridge, Mass., Nov. 25, 1817. In the next year his parents came westward and settled in the neighborhood of what is now the village of Brownhelm, O. He grew up on the farm, receiving all the physical advantage of those sturdy pioneer days. In his seventeenth year Oberlin College was opened, and James became a member of the first Freshman Class, graduating in 1838. In 1841 he completed the theological course, and in 1842 was appointed professor of Latin and Greek, was transferred in 1847 to the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy, and in 1858 was elected associate professor of theology and moral philosophy.

Upon the retirement of President Finney in 1867 Dr. Fairchild was chosen as his successor, holding the office until 1889. Under his administration the college prospered much. For some years after his resignation as president Dr. Fairchild continued his work as teacher, and did not give up his connection with college affairs until 1897. Hillsdale College conferred the Doctorate of Divinity in 1864; the LL. D. was given by Oberlin in 1893. The long and intimate connection with Oberlin College—first as student, later as professor, president and teacher of theology—is almost without a parallel in the history of American colleges and universities.

Dr. Fairchild had written a Moral Philosophy, a book on Needed Phases of Christianity, a study of Oberlin's communal and academic life entitled Oberlin: The Colony and the College, which is indispensable to one who would understand the remarkable influence the institution and the town have had on denominational and national life. He also had published his system of theology.

All college exercises were suspended and the business houses were closed on Saturday morning, March 22, while the funeral service of ex-President Fairchild was in progress. A great concourse of neighbors, friends, former students and faculty associates assembled in Second Church to pay their tribute of affection to the grand life. The choir of 120 young voices, with skilled soloists, sang Brahms's "All flesh is as grass," Gounod's "Sanctus," and President Fairchild's favorite hymn, "Jerusalem, the Golden." Eloquent words of eulogy were spoken by President Barrows, Dr. H. M. Tenney, President Fairchild's pastor, and Prof. H. C. King, his successor in the chair of theology. Rev. C. S. Mills of Cleveland and Dr. J. W. Bradshaw of Oberlin also assisted in the deeply impressive service.

P. L. C.

Closet and Altar

EASTER

Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.

Draw near, all ye that believe, and let us fall down together before Him that is risen; for behold through His cross great joy is come unto all the world. Wherefore we bless Thee, O Lord; we celebrate Thy resurrection; for Thou hast endured the cross for us and abolished death in victory.—*Versicle of the Catholic Apostolic Church.*

It is because He died that He holds the keys of death.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The resurrection is full of joy to the bereaved. It clothes the grave with flowers and wreathes the tomb in unfading laurel. The sepulcher shines with a light brighter than the sun, and death grows fair as we say, in full assurance of faith, "My brother shall rise again."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Easter dawn is clear again;
From spire to spire sweet bells give tongue
To the glad hopes of dying men;
And prayers are said and hymns are sung.

And we who mourn our dead rejoice
That Thou, O Christ, art risen, to be
For the dumb world a living voice
And eyes for those who cannot see.

In Thee our hopes are risen and strong;
Heaven's light shines full across our way:
O cleanse our hearts of hate and wrong
And faithless fears, this Easter day.

This grave was the birthplace of the indestructible belief that death is vanquished, that there is a life eternal. It is useless to cite Plato; it is useless to point to the Persian religion, and the ideas and the literature of later Judaism. All that would have perished and has perished; but the certainty of the resurrection and of a life eternal which is bound up with the grave in Joseph's garden has not perished; and on the conviction that Jesus lives we still base those hopes of citizenship in an Eternal City which make our earthly life worth living.—*Adolf Harnack.*

The return of Easter should be to the Christian life the call of a trumpet.—*Frederick Temple.*

We bless Thee, Heavenly Friend,
that Thou hast risen from the dead
to take away our fears and make us
sharers of Thy heavenly life. Let us
hear, in the dismay of our mortality,
Thy words of hope and strength.
Thou hast brought life and immor-
tality to light and we rest in the as-
surance of Thy will to bring us into
the eternal fellowship of peace and
strength. By Thy life of service on
the earth our lives are glorified. By
Thy temptation and Thy victory we
are assured that we shall never face
the tempter without sympathy and
help from Thee. By Thy broken
body, given willingly for us, our
wounds of sin are healed. Thou art
the first-fruits of the heavenly life
and in Thy resurrection we rejoice
that death shall have no more domi-
nion over us. Thanks be unto Thee,
O God, who givest us the victory
through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

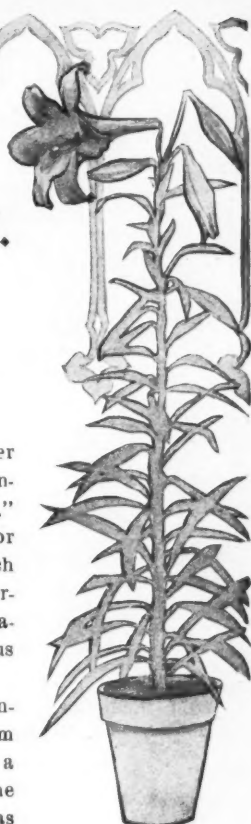


ful stone structures of today are memorials of his presidency. After the early period of radicalism and aggressiveness came the Fairchild period of more conservative thought. He had great faith in the power of simple Christian teaching and example, unaccentuated by the strenuous revivalism of his great predecessor, President Finney.

He believed that whatever the changes inevitable in all growth, the college should remain "an aggressive force for righteousness in the sphere of Christian education." But righteousness, with him, was always suffused with the light of love. The beauty of holiness was ever shining in his face. And even those who knew him but little felt that his was a radiant personality, a reminder of the Man of Nazareth. There was no lack of strength in his unaggressive and patient manhood. There must have been marvelous power in one who effected such results. It is not an easy thing to generate moral enthusiasm enough to send men and women by the thousand to work cheerfully in the hard places of life. But that mighty and gentle power, the power of the Spirit of God, was lodged in this man's character. His idea of life was summed up in three words which he wrote in my album when I, a young graduate from Olivet College, called upon him, in August, 1887: "Fidelity is success." He saw the battles of the giants, but he struck no rough blows. He be-

An EASTER Apologue.

By HENRY VAN DYKE



THERE was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to expand and the fruit glowed with fair, clear colors,

as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging, in soft clouds, above the earth. The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads one to another, as the wind caressed them, and said: "Sisters, how lovely you have become! You make the day bright." The river, glad of new strength and rejoicing in the unison of all its streams, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from icy fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying—the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. "My time will come," it said. "I was not made to be hidden forever. There is glory and beauty and honor coming to me in due season."

One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, and lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid, nor discouraged, for it said to itself: "This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world."

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the tribulation and distress that came after it. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. It seemed almost unbearable. But there was consolation in the thought that something very fine and noble was coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt sure that a wonderful reward was in store for it.

Then it was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed it and molded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form. Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it—fierce and penetrating—hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But through

all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great future. "Surely," it thought, "I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a king."

At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from the furnace and set down upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The tribulation was passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear, but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There, for the first time, as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the consummation of its hopes—a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house or a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honor, and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Many days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth, and something—it knows not what—but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

But presently it was set in a greenhouse, where the sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was sprinkled over it, and day by day, as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was stirring within it—a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it. "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look towards us?" And the other vessel answered: "Do you not know? You are carrying a royal scepter of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart."

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.



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THE SEPARATION FROM BLANCHEFLEUR

The Abbey Paintings in the Boston Library

The recent placing in the delivery-room of the Boston Public Library of ten new paintings by Mr. E. A. Abbey, completing the frieze decoration which illustrates The Quest of the Holy Grail, has drawn to the library all lovers of art in Boston and vicinity, and not a few critics from other cities interested in seeing whether, in the second installment of pictures, Mr. Abbey has advanced in his art.

The pictures which we reproduce represent Sir Galahad, the virgin knight, departing from Blanchefleur, his wife; sacrificing all earthly love, he leaves her, intent on the Quest. Suffering many adventures, he in due time returns to the Castle of the Grail; the procession of the Grail passing before him this time moves him to ask the Question, which asked will not only enlighten him but heal Amfortas, cleanse him from sin and make him ready for a happy death.

The ten depict (1) Sir Galahad's meeting with The Loathly Damsel; (2) his combat with the Knights of Darkness, or the seven Deadly Sins who have imprisoned The Virtues—a great company of maidens—in which struggle he overcomes the knights, sets free the maidens and triumphs over sin; (3) passing the gate of the Castle of the Maidens, Sir Galahad encounters a monk, who blesses him and hands him the key of the castle; (4) entering which, Sir Galahad is welcomed coyly and with due restraint by the maidens, who have anticipated his coming; then follows (5) the separation

from Blanchefleur; (6) the death of Amfortas; (7) the departure of Sir Galahad from the Castle of the Grail; (8) Sir Galahad aboard Solomon's Ship *en route* to the city of Sarras, The Grail borne by an Angel guiding the ship; (9) a view of the city of Sarras; and (10) The Golden Tree which Sir Galahad as King of Sarras plants upon a hill within the city in a Sacred Place. The Grail is depicted as ascending heavenward, never again to be seen on earth.

In brilliancy and richness of coloring the ten new paintings equal the earlier ones; and surpass them in interpretative power. That Mr. Abbey has been chosen by his native state, Pennsylvania, to carry out a large scheme of mural art in the decoration of the new capitol at Harrisburg indicates that he has won standing which leads to his choice for important tasks of the kind. He shares with Mr. John S. Sargent the highest honors conferred by European academies of art upon Americans; and though now a resident of England he is thoroughly American still in his sympathies and ideals, and is reflecting great honor upon his native land.

One only has to go to the Boston Public Library and see how much sought out the work of Sargent, Abbey and Puvis de Chavannes is, how its symbolism and call upon the imagination stimulates the intellectual and spiritual faculties of all sorts and conditions of men, to come away profoundly glad that we as a people

at last have come to appreciate the possibilities which our public buildings give for education and inspiration through art.

This story of the Quest of the Grail, with which Malory, Spenser, Dryden and Tennyson among Englishmen, and Wagner of the Germans, have made somewhat popular among those limited few who read poetry and attend the opera, is one that needs to be brought before the masses in a pictorial, easy-to-be-understood way. It makes for idealism, for purity of life. The conception of masculine as well as feminine virginity is all too uncommon among us; and anything that brings the ideal of it before boys and men as this piece of decorative work does is to be hailed with delight by religious and ethical teachers.

The Passing Away of Sir Galahad

(The legend of the death of Galahad, as told in the seventeenth book of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*.)

Right so departed Galahad, Percival and Bors with him; and so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage, and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh of tofore. And when they came to the board they found in the middes the table of silver which they had left with the maimed king, and the Sangreal which was covered with red samite. Then were they glad to have such things

in their fellowship; and so they entered and made great reverence thereto; And Galahad fell in his prayer long time to Our Lord, that at what time he asked, that he should pass out of this world. So much he prayed till a voice said to him: "Galahad, thou shalt have thy request; and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul." Percivale heard this, and prayed him, of fellowship that was between them, to tell him wherefore he asked such things.

"That shall I tell you," said Galahad; "the other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sangreal I was in such a joy of heart, that I trow never man was that was earthly. And therefore I wot well, when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the Majesty of Our Lord, Jesu Christ." . . . And so he laid him down and slept a great while; and when he awaked he looked afore him and saw the city of Sarras. . . . And when the king of the city, which was cleped Estoraue, saw the fellowship, he asked of them whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sangreal, and the power which that God had set there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole.

But as soon as they were there Our Lord sent them the Sangreal, through whose grace they were always fulfilled while that they were in prison. So at the year's end it befell that this King Estoraue lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights and they came afore him; and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave him goodly; and he died anon. When the king was dead all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel there came a voice among them, and bade them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king: "For he shall well maintain you and all yours."

So they made Galahad king by the assent of the holy city, and else they would have slain him. And when he was come to behold the land he let make above the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones, that hilled the Holy Vessel. And every day early the three fellows would come afore it, and make their prayers. Now at the year's end and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw tofore them the Holy Vessel, and a man

knelling on his knees in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels as it had been Jesu Christ himself; and then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to him: "Come forth the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that thou hast much desired to see." And then he began to tremble right hard when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things.

Then he held up his hands toward heaven and said: "Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord." And therewith the good man took Our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. "Now wottest thou what I am?" said the good man. "Nay," said Galahad. "I am Joseph of Arimathie, the which Our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship; and wottest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things; in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sangreal, in that thou

hast been a clean maiden, as I have been and am."

And when he had said these words Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God; and so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said: "Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world." And there with he kneeled down tofore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body. And then it came right to the Vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangreal.

Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard University, lecturing on John Fiske before the Unitarian Club of Boston, said that Mr. Fiske, with all his interest in evolution, always felt it less important to know whence man sprung than whither he was going.



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THE DEATH OF AMFORTAS

The Conversation Corner

THE LITTLE DAKOTA GIRL'S LAST LETTER

Do you remember reading it in the Corner of Dec. 14? It was her first letter to us, and I sent her immediately a certificate of membership. But it was her last letter also, as her father explains in this letter which I received the other day.

Dear Mr. Martin: In the Conversation Corner of Dec. 14 you printed a letter from our nine-year-old Frances. She was a very happy child when she received your reply, and on the morning of Dec. 20 she was again made happy by finding that you had found a place for her letter in the Corner. That night she was taken with the diphtheria, and on Christmas Eve the angels came for her, and she fell asleep in her mother's arms so suddenly that she had no time to bid us good-by. She was a very lovable and promising child and was developing fast in piano and vocal music. We should grieve sadly over the sudden ending of her bright prospects if we did not know that she can develop much faster in "the presence of the King."

She had part in a little New England play at school the day before Thanksgiving, and she looked so neat in her "Priscilla" costume that I photographed her. I send you one of the pictures, as you may like to keep it in your gallery of Cornerers. The old wheel came across the Atlantic, and the chair she is sitting in is a Governor Winthrop chair, which her Great-grandfather Bliss bought when he set up housekeeping in Massachusetts about 1780.

Frances was a great reader and enjoyed the Corner letters and conversations. She was much interested in the "Corner Cot" and in Kirkins, who cannot run and skip like herself. I know she would be happy to share in that good work, so I inclose \$1 out of her little savings bank. Please credit it to Frances Bliss Phillips, and perhaps she will know all about it in her new home in the city of everlasting good-morning!

Jamestown, N. D.

C. H. P.

I know that you will be glad to see little "Priscilla" at her spinning wheel—how pretty and happy she looks! And as you will read this page on Easter Sunday, when we always think of Jesus as going away to heaven, after his short life on earth, and of his promise to prepare a place there for all his children, I have printed this letter too for you. I wonder if our dear little Gabriel-Pomiuk, who is surely among the angels of God, will not give a special welcome to our dear children who have been interested in his Memorial Cot—and Frances is by no means the only one of our young members who has followed him to the Father's House.

ABOUT BIRDS

Dear Mr. Martin: . . . Today there have been pine grosbeaks near the house. They are quite pretty. We have chickadees come on the window-sill and eat cheese, downy and hairy woodpeckers, nuthatches and blue jays in the winter.

Buckland, Mass.

ALBERT R.

. . . I have given out a contract for a new "martin" house—34 quite large rooms, three stories and attic, hot and cold water—to stand on large, nice pole thirty feet high, painted white. That with the other two will hold 150.

New Jersey.

C. W.

This is the gentleman who has written us in previous years about his success in providing a better class of tenements for my winged kinsmen. We shall be interested to hear in due time whether he rents them all. I think they arrive in that region about Easter-time.

I have just seen in a Western Massachusetts paper that a boy by the name of

Martin—also a kinsman of mine, do you suppose?—discovered over a hundred robins in the road trying to find something to live on. Probably the snow was still deep in that hill-country town. I have just seen two bluebirds in the field opposite my window, and the robins are singing merrily in the edge of the woods. We will welcome all the robins and bluebirds and martins if they will only bring sunshine and balmy air, after our long, cold winter!

And now I have a letter from a city girl who says, "I haven't heard anything but a crow," and another from a Vermont minister, asking where he "can find the 'Birds' Petition,' by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, which appeared a few years ago as a protest against the ruthless destruction of the birds." It will be found on another page of this very issue, together with pen and ink pictures of



the signers, drawn by Miss Ellen Hale, daughter of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. This unique petition, drawn by Senator Hoar as counsel for the birds, was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1897, and secured the passage of a law—adopted also in other states—protecting the birds from being murdered, although it lost some ladies the chance of displaying stolen plumage on their Easter bonnets! The facsimile of the petition, including the remarkable pictures, can be obtained of the Lend a Hand Society at 1 Beacon St., Boston.

A SQUIRREL, A RABBIT, AND—

Dear Mr. Martin: I am a Cornerer, but you would not know it, for I have not written you for so long a time. I told you once about my little gray squirrel. Well, one day in spring I put him out to spend the summer, for I thought it wasn't right to keep him in, and so I put him out on a tree, and he has not returned yet. But there is a squirrel that comes round every day to be fed, and I think perhaps it is my little Jack, for he seems to know us. We have had a white rabbit since, and we used to let him run loose everywhere. But some one must have stolen him. I have now a great big — [yes, yes, we know what that animal is, but we don't care for too many of him nowadays in the Corner!—D. F.]

Jamaica Plain, Mass. MADILENE C.

My Dear Mr. Martin: I would like to become a Cornerer. I am nine years old. I have two gold fish and a — [O scat!—D. F.] I live near a park that is called Forest Park. They had some little bears this winter.

Springfield, Mass.

KATHERINE R.

For the Old Folks

LENT

Ash Wednesday, Feb. 12, to Easter, March 30, forty-seven days [forty-six days]. Why does Lent have forty-seven days this year? Springfield, Mass. D.

The length of Lent is always the same. From the forty-six days are taken the six Sundays which in the Catholic Church are always feast days, to correspond with the forty days of Christ's fast. The four days beginning with Ash Wednesday were added so as to get the exact time, exclusive of the Sundays.

"HE KNOWS"

Dear Mr. Martin: Where can I find the poem in which occur these lines?

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a shadow
But what the dear Lord chose,
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "He knows."

Roxbury, Mass.

D. T. S.

I find four stanzas of it in "Gospel Hymns, Consolidated," beginning "I know not what awaits me," and attributed to Mary G. Brainard. Another "shut-in" sends me seven stanzas, saying that the hymn may be found in "Cheering Words for the Master's Workers," "Folded Hands," "The Shadow of the Rock," and other collections.

"NOW I LAY ME"

The poem asked for Feb. 22 has been supplied by several correspondents.

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care,
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,—

And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

This poem is understood to have been written by Mrs. Robert S. Howland. A. S. T.

I found them in an old scrap-book, with this statement: "The *Living Age* says, 'The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, S. C.'"

Ithaca, N. Y.

M. C. L.

The clipping from which I copy it has this: "The *Wichita Eagle* says the poem was left at the office by an unknown man who came to ask for work." I am glad to make some return for the pleasure and benefit had from the Conversation Corner, both young folks' and old folks' departments. "G. Washington" in the Feb. 22 issue has increased interest for me since a recent visit to Mt. Vernon and to Annapolis, where I saw the picture of his resigning his commission at the close of the Revolution, in the very room in the Capitol where the event took place.

Manchester, Vt.

M. C. M.

Mr. Martin

The Home and Its Outlook

Easter

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Again the message from on high
To earth the angels bring,
And Death with Winter passes by
And Life comes back with Spring.

Again the miracle that yields
A hope beyond the tomb:
The groves, the gardens and the fields
A fragrant sea of bloom.

Again the whispered wonder-word,
The promise spoken clear,
Long centuries ago and heard
By nature, year by year.

Listen: it is the self-same Voice
That speaks unto all men,
The risen Christ, who says: Rejoice,
Ye, too, shall live again!

A March Musicale

BY MARTHA CLARK RANKIN

"You may be quite sure 'tis May-time when you hear the robin call," we read in a current magazine; but at the moment we happen to be hearing the robin call, and it is only the eighteenth of March. The plump pair running across the lawn look so much at home that we feel sure there are other birds not far away, so we start across the fields with an opera glass.

For the first fifteen minutes it seems as if there were not a bird in existence. We remember that a few days ago the ground was covered with snow, and we watched great flocks of snow buntings as they fluttered through the air like a whirl of immense snowflakes. Nevertheless, we hasten to a thicket on a southern slope where no sharp wind can penetrate.

As soon as we are within hearing we know that our walk has not been in vain. A song sparrow and a goldfinch are both singing, each apparently oblivious of the other, and we cannot decide which song is the more entrancing. On a neighboring willow overhanging the brook a robin is piping an invitation to all birds to join the concert, and generously do they respond. Bluebirds, "with the sky on their backs and the earth on their breasts," carol, in their dignified, reserved manner, a song full of love and affection, but tinged with sadness and a whole world apart from the merry light-heartedness of the titmouse, whose bubbling "chick-a-dee-dee" is varied by his phœbelike spring note. A tree sparrow, or winter chippy, ventures his modest song in an occasional lull, but the big, handsome fox sparrows, who are scratching in the dry leaves and who can sing divinely, keep provokingly quiet.

Suddenly the air is full of wings and, with an indescribable twittering and a fluttering of white tail feathers, a hundred or more juncos settle in the thicket. Then the music begins in earnest. Every blessed one of them seems to be singing, and so completely have they taken pos-

session that it is impossible longer to distinguish any other song. After watching these slate-colored snowbirds all winter and hearing nothing but their modest chirp, this performance is a revelation. A single singer might make little impression, for the song is a rather modest warble or trill, somewhat lacking in depth and originality, but when scores of them are singing at once the result is altogether delightful.

The northern hillside still shows occasional patches of snow. Careful search fails to reveal a single hepatica, pussy willows, symlocarpus and chickweed being the only flowers that have had the courage to open. The wind on the hillside has not yet lost its chill, yet, on this sunny slope, one might close his eyes and be almost beguiled into thinking it a May day. A woodpecker is drumming on a dead tree near by and he too feels the spring in his veins, for his tattoo is not the matter of fact affair that it was two months ago, but an attempt at a love-song, clumsy enough, indeed, but no doubt acceptable to the adorable one.

Counting this drumming as a song, we have listened to eight varieties of birds in this March musicale, and the singing has overflowed with so much joyousness, so much of the spirit of spring and hopefulness, that it delights us even more than will the full chorus which everybody may hear a few weeks later. These first songs are like the happy caroling of childhood, charming in themselves and still more charming in the prophecy of fuller and more varied delights beyond.

The Child's Thought of Death *

Margery was standing by the window one day, playing with some photographs.

"Who is this, mamma?" she asked.

"That is a picture of my mother, your grandmother."

"I don't know her, do I? Where is she now?"

"Up in God's home, Margery."

"How did she get there?"

"God took her. I don't know just how."

"Does she like it there?"

"O, yes. She couldn't help liking it. It's a lovely place, where no one is ever sick or troubled, and no one ever cries."

"Isn't she coming here any more?"

"No."

"Why?"

"None of the people ever do that go there."

"Who else is there?"

"A great many, many people; and some day we shall go there, too."

"Go together?"

"I don't know. We don't need to worry about that. God will take us when the time comes for us to go. He knows all about it."

"I shouldn't like to go without you, mamma."

"No, I don't suppose you would, dear. Many people don't go till they are very old. When they grow old, God takes

them to his home and gives them a new body that can't grow old. Sometimes he takes people when they are very sick. The time that God wants us to go is just the best time for us."

Margery took up another card. "Who is this?"

"That is a lady named Mrs. Williams."

"Is she up in God's home?"

"No, she is in New York."

Thus the conversation was turned into another direction.

One day we were all out riding and passed a cemetery. "Mamma, what are all those white things?" said Margery.

"Those—those are the stones on which are written the names of the persons up in God's home."

"O, yes. How many there are!" said Margery.

About this time I had a little talk of my own with Helen (her mother) upon this subject.

"You can't keep Margery always from hearing remarks about death," said I.

"O, no. But what I wish is to give her first a thought of it different from the common one, and avoid the repulsive aspect altogether, if possible. Do you remember the funeral of old Mr. Jones? Why, we must have been quite small at the time, but the thought of his being buried gave me a shock which I did not get over for years."

"After this I watched with interest my sister's training of the new thought in little Margery's mind. In the neighborhood was a lady in the last stage of consumption. I several times heard Helen speak of her in the following way to her little daughter:

"No, she's no better, Margery. She'll be glad to go up to God's home some day, won't she? I think he will take her before long."

When the end occurred, Helen cautioned us all not to mention the word death in connection with Mrs. Blake. Margery came to me with the remark:

"Isn't it lovely, auntie, that Mrs. Blake has gone up to God's home? She won't cough any more, mamma says. I wish I had seen her go."

Margery heard us speaking of the funeral, and inquired about it. She knew we were going.

"Well, you see, Margery, the minister will come and talk to Mrs. Blake's family and any friends who are there. He will tell them not to feel badly when they miss her, for she won't be sick any more where she has gone. He will tell them about God's home, what a lovely place it is, and that after a while they can all go there, too, and see her again."

Later Margery saw the carriages.

"Where were they all going, mamma?"

"They were going to the place where they will some day put a stone with her name on it."

"O, yes. I 'member those stones. What was that long, funny carriage, mamma?"

"That, my dear, was the carriage in which they put Mrs. Blake's old body that she was all through with. She won't want it any more. She will have a nice new body, you know."

* From "As the Twig Is Bent," by Susan Chenery. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"What will they do with the old body?"

"O, they'll just put it down in the ground. It's of no use, now, you know."

Helen's voice trembled. Here was the test of her theories. Would Margery be shocked? Far from it. She asked, calmly, "Where will they put it? In the garden?"

"No, some people do put the old bodies in the gardens, but Mrs. Blake's old body will be put in the place where they will have the stone put with her name on it."

"O, yes."

Later we heard Margery telling her little brother about this. "Only the heads go up, Frankie. The old bodies are planted in the ground, and God fastens a new body on the heads when they get up to his country."

Helen called the children to her and asked:

"What part of you is it that loves mamma?"

"Our eyes," said the little boy.

"No; shut your eyes. You love me now. What is it that loves me?"

"Yight here," said Frank. His hand was over his stomach.

"Well, let's put it another way. Shut your eyes again and tell me if you remember the day when auntie came."

"Yes."

"You're thinking how she looked when she came up the steps? Now, what is it that is thinking? Is it your hands? Your feet?"

"No."

"Your heads?"

"Is it, mamma?" asked Margery.

"We use the head to think with, but the thinking is not the head. The thinking and loving part of us lives inside our bodies until God takes it out of the old body and gives it a new one. That thinking and loving part is really what we are. Our bodies are only a covering to it. When I think of Margery I mean the thinking and loving part that lives in Margery's body. Can you understand this, my little girl?"

"I know what you mean, mamma. When I think of you at night I think of the kind part that lives inside. It seems to me, mamma, it looks out of your eyes."

"Maybe it does look out of the eyes, Margery, but the eyes are not a part of it. The head belongs to the body and does not go up to God's home. That is what I wanted to tell you. Now run off and play."

One thing was wanting to make the child's lesson a finished one. As yet she did not associate the word "death" with the passing of the soul.

Not long after this we were much startled by the sudden departure of a prominent neighbor. This item of news was in every one's mouth, and it was not strange that some of the remarks reached Margery. Without comprehending her own words, she came to us in great excitement, exclaiming:

"Just think, mamma! Mr. Storrs is dead in his bed! Just think, auntie! He's dead in his bed!"

Helen shut her lips firmly for an instant. Her reply was ready, however. Putting her hand on Margery's head to calm her, she said, quietly: "That's only his old body, dear. When people speak

of any one as dying, they always mean the old body. Mr. Storrs is not dead."

"Has he gone to God's home?"

"Yes."

"He wasn't sick, was he, mamma? I saw him yesterday."

"No, he wasn't sick, and no one knew God was going to take him. It was a surprise."

"O, dear! I'm sorry he's gone away. He can't take me to ride any more, can he? I 'most feel like crying, mamma."

"You may cry, dear. I cried, too, when I heard about it. But I will tell you something that will make you feel happier. A good many years ago Mr. Storrs had two little boys, but God thought it would be better for them to be up in his home, so he took them. Mr. Storrs has missed them all these years very much indeed, and they were all the children he had. Now you can just guess how happy he must be to see them again."

After Margery had left the room, Helen exclaimed:

"There! That's over with, and I'm thankful. She has heard it all now, and I'm positively sure she can never have the horror of death that haunted me as a child."

The Rabbit Woman

BY CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL

One of the most picturesque figures in New York is the Rabbit Woman who stands on Broadway near Twentieth Street. She is at her post rainy days and fair ones, in snow or in sunshine, always smiling and contented. Her broad German face beams with good-nature when one stops to speak with her, and she gladly shows her wares whether you mean to buy or not. At her side is a large covered basket, hiding away a number of tiny, warm white rabbits who sleep contentedly all snuggled down together. When the Rabbit Woman is not busy with a customer she is whispering to these pets, or smoothing their fur or feeding them bits of carrot with as tender a care as any maternal rabbit could show.

As a passer-by stops to admire the little creatures, she beams with the delicious complacency of a mother showing her first baby. One sometimes wonders how she keeps up this interest in her small charges year after year, but her affection never grows tired. She has stood in her sheltered corner for ten years now, the familiar friend of the children of New York, and today she thinks her rabbits as charming and novel as she thought them a decade ago. She willingly hands out one to be hugged by the child who stops to admire and then passes on, just as a mother stops wheeling her baby carriage to let a chance admirer see her darling's face.

When she parts with one of her babies she wraps it up carefully and tucks it in a little box, all warmly lined and perfectly ventilated, and charges its purchaser to be very careful of it and very kind to it. Often when some one stops to tell her of some rabbit which is well and happy in its new home she will inquire particularly of its growth and intelligence and comment on its remembered beauty and grace. Her child has been adopted, but it is her child still.

Down in the basket beside the rabbits there sometimes snuggle tiny Maltese kittens, and such beautiful kittens! Each is blue gray, with bright, kitten-blue eyes, and each wears with distinct pride a little pink neck-ribbon. When it is wakened from its nap to promenade on the sidewalk before the eyes of some possible buyer, it holds its tail erect, like a banner. A rabbit put down beside it crouches and blinks its pretty pink eyes in helpless timidity, but not so the kitten; that marches about with an air of unmistakable conceit. The contrast at one of these exhibitions is one of the delicious bits of the performance.

The owner of these pets lives on a small farm on Long Island, and comes into town every day. She raises both rabbits and kittens herself, and says she sells every one of them. She is always spotlessly dressed in a quaint, foreign fashion, and one of her most attractive garments is her apron of blue and white checked gingham, embroidered with a pattern of kittens or rabbits in cross-stitch. This apron she is often urged to take off and sell, and she complies with blushes and shame-faced smiles, only to appear on the morrow with another, even more elaborate. Fascinating as are her little pets, she is more fascinating herself, with her lovely, old-world quiet and content, and her love for her little charges and the children who love them too.

How Dutch Children Celebrate Easter

For a whole week before Easter the peasant children go round from house to house begging for eggs and carrying a wreath of green leaves stuck on a long stick. This stick and wreath they call their *Palm Paschen*, which really means Palm Sunday, and may have been so called because they make the wreath on that day.

Down the village streets they go, singing all the while and waving the wreath above their heads:

"Palm, Palm Sunday,
Hei koeerel.
Soon it will be Easter,
And we shall have an egg.
One egg—two eggs,
The third egg is the Easter egg."

They knock at every farmhouse and are very seldom sent away empty-handed. When they have collected enough eggs to suit their purpose—generally three or four apiece—they boil them hard and stain them with two different colors, either brown with coffee or red with beet root juice, and then on Easter Day they all repair to the meadows, carrying their eggs with them, and the *eiertikken* begins. The children sit down on the grass, and each child knocks one of his eggs against that of another in such a way that only one of the shells breaks. The child whose egg does not break wins, and becomes the possessor of the broken egg.—*From Dutch Life in Town and Country, by P. M. Hough.*

The mere fact of reaching old age is a proof, I think, that life has not been miserable, that more sunshine than shadow has fallen upon it.—*Robertson Nicoll.*

The Birds' Petition



We, the Song Birds of Massachusetts; and their playfellows, make this our humble petition:

We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything other people all over the great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know. We know. We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea. But most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your Fathers when they came here many, many years ago. Our Fathers and Mothers have always done their best to please your Fathers and Mothers.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us; as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer, all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being all killed in Italy.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them. We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for Blackbird to whistle.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower-beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. And when you go home tired at sundown, Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you; and even Whip-poor-will will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe.

In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

The Campaign of Testimony*

I. Jesus Secures a Witness for the Gentiles

BY PROF. E. I. BOSWORTH

1. *Another forward step.* The witnesses have hitherto been edging out from the center toward the circumference of Judaism [Acts 8], but now Jesus personally lays hands on a young Jewish rabbi and distinctly designates him as a witness to the non-Jewish world [9: 15]. He takes pains to make the young rabbi understand that the unusual circumstances of his appointment are not an expression of favoritism. "To this end have I appeared unto thee, to appoint thee a minister and a witness" to the Gentiles [20: 16-18]. In making the appointment Jesus had his eye on the slums of Corinth and the slaves of Rome [cf. 18: 9, 10].

2. *The new witness, young Rabbi Saul,* was a member of an old aristocratic family of Pharisees. "I am a son of Pharisees," he said [23: 6, R. V.]. His early boyhood had been spent in one of the three great university cities of the Greek world, where his father enjoyed the distinction of Roman citizenship [22: 25-28], but in his later boyhood he had been pressed close to the very heart of Palestinian Pharisaism [22: 3]. The old rabbis smiled in quiet approval when their eyes rested on this staunch propagator of the cult [Gal. 1: 14].

He had been the leader in the effort to stamp out the Nazarene movement in Jerusalem, and was now proposing to act as a great missionary of Pharisaism, going from city to city and cleansing the entire Jewish world of the Nazarene pest. There was great rejoicing when Joseph Caiaphas gave the young Pharisee his missionary commission [9: 1, 2].

Why should a young Pharisee be so eager to kill Nazarenes? Jesus' conception of religion had been so different from that of the Pharisees that he had seemed to them to be an irreligious man. This irreligious man had secured an unfortunate influence over a large part of the nation, and there had even been some danger that he would be regarded as a promising Messianic aspirant. God, however, had openly cursed him. He had hung for six hours in naked shame upon the accursed cross. His fanatical followers maintained that he had been raised from the dead and received into Messianic glory at God's right hand. This heresy was rapidly spreading through the nation. Many of his followers (*e. g.*, Stephen) were thought to be opposed, as Jesus had been, to the high ideals of legalistic Pharisaism. The present peril was that this heresy, driven out of Jerusalem, would spread through the Jewish world. Under such circumstances a man of Saul's temperament and training could do nothing else than plan a missionary campaign of righteous persecution throughout the Jewish world.

3. *The interview with Jesus.* A personality in blazing, blinding glory appeared to Saul and inquired why he was persecuting him. Was it the cry of the last martyr still ringing in his ears? Could it be

the voice of Stephen of the angel face [8: 15]? In terrified amazement Saul inquired, and learned to his horror that it was Jesus! So glorious a person could not be telling an untruth. The Nazarene martyrs were right, and he was face to face with the Messianic Judge. The presence of all others was forgotten. He heard himself called by the simple name, unadorned by any title, that he had first heard in his mother's arms, "Shaoul, Shaoul" [26: 14], and the voice sounded down, down, down, into the very depths of his being. The "I" and "thou" were like the solemn sounding of the pronouns in Jesus' description of the judgment day [Matt. 25: 35-45]. The fiercely conscientious persecutor yielded to the logic of the situation and, in accepting his first order from the lips of the Nazarene Messiah, himself became a Nazarene.

Saul's own conviction, which seems never after to have wavered [1 Cor. 9: 1; 15: 8], its spiritual consequences in his life, the physical effect produced in him [v. 8], and the impression made upon his associates [v. 7] make it evident that the spirit of Jesus here met the spirit of Saul and transformed him into an apostle.

4. *Saul's first impressions of Jesus.* Saul was soon ready to sacrifice everything else for the sake of a more intimate acquaintance with Jesus [Phil. 3: 8-10]. What personal qualities in Jesus did Saul find so attractive? Evidently Jesus was (1) a *masterful* personality and (2) an unexpectedly *friendly* personality. He had represented himself to be hurt every time a disciple was struck [v. 5], yet he had not swept the persecutor from the face of the earth in swift Messianic judgment. The persecutor found himself forgiven and even called to high position in the Messiah's service. Saul found the Messiah to be also (3) a *purposeful* personality, ready to utilize, and even greatly to enlarge, his already existing ambition to do something on the world-wide scale of Judaism in the Roman Empire. Saul never ceased to appreciate this [1 Cor. 15: 9; 1 Tim. 1: 12, 13; 2 Tim. 4: 17, 18].

5. *The co-operating disciple.* In all this wonder working God did not discard the great principle that a man shall be helped into the kingdom of God by his fellow man. The extensive preparations made for the entertainment of the distinguished guest in the house on Straight Street were not appreciated, for the young Jerusalem rabbi "did neither eat nor drink" [v. 9]. He sat for three days in his room in the darkness of blindness. Jesus felt him praying [v. 11], perhaps for the restoration of sight. By and by he fell into a restless sleep in which he dreamed that a man came to him and restored his sight [v. 12]. He awoke to find it only a dream, and himself still a blind man. But soon steps were heard, friendly hands were laid upon him, a voice in the darkness called him "Brother Saul," and he looked up into the kindly face of a fellow Nazarene—a converted Pharisee like himself [22: 12, 13]. The glad fellowships of the new life had begun.

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*The International Sunday School Lesson for April 6. Text, Acts 9: 1-12. Saul of Tarsus Converted.

The Literature of the Day

The Ancient Catholic Church*

Principal Rainy of the New College, Edinburgh, is one of the foremost scholars of Great Britain, and in Scotland, his home, he is regarded by his countrymen as the chief figure in their ecclesiastical life. There can be little doubt that this recent volume will enhance his reputation and serve to introduce him to a wider circle of friends. It belongs to the series known as the International Theological Library. Dr. Rainy states in his preface: "It was the duty of the writer to endeavor to combine in this volume the manifold detail which the student requires, with the points of view and the modes of treatment which make a book readable." That he has succeeded every reader must acknowledge.

The charm of the book lies in the fact that it is the work of an artist. Too many church histories are only bulky aggregations of facts and theories. The dominant impression of this work is the author's masterly grasp of the facts of history and also his resources of luminous exposition. The book is little larger than a modern novel, yet is remarkably comprehensive. These results have been attained by rigid exclusion. The student misses nothing of importance, while the general reader is not wearied by speculative uncertainties.

The period covered is that from the accession of Trajan to the Fourth General Council (A. D. 98-451), and this the author subdivides into three shorter periods, ending, respectively, with the death of Marcus Aurelius, the edict of Milan and the Council of Chalcedon. The method is topical. The chapters treat of the environment of the early churches; the attitude of the government; the leaders, beliefs, worship, controversies, and persecutions. Chapter II. contains a vivid picture of the Christian communities of the second century, the social aspects of which the author says, "must have been . . . very like that of a small dissenting congregation in an English town where dissent is feeble." Of the officers of those churches he says: "All three" (i. e., apostles, prophets and teachers) "seem to be persons recognized as men of spiritual power and gifts, in whom the Holy Spirit . . . could be discerned; and it does not appear that they were ordained by any standing authority."

Dr. Rainy is especially luminous in his description of the controversies that caused dissension in the Christian thought and life of the period. His clear portrayal of Gnosticism, or Neo-Platonism, gives dignity to the truths involved. The judicial temper is manifest throughout, and strikingly appears in the chapter on Montanism, the principles and vagaries of which suggest the Separatist movement as it appeared in New England subsequent to the Great Awakening. This first volume makes one anticipate with zest the second that is shortly to appear.

* The Ancient Catholic Church, by Robert Rainy, D. D. pp. 539. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Audrey*

Readers of Miss Johnston's *To Have and To Hold* will find in her *Audrey* similar scenes—the same mingling of the stately society of an almost forgotten time with the rude life of the American frontier, the same ferment of the new wine from which came the hardly yet appreciated strength and richness of character of the Virginia of today. Miss Johnston has produced a passionate tragedy, opening with an Indian massacre that blots out a happy cabin home in a happy valley, from which only an orphan girl is saved, and closing with the massacre of the orphan's soul, with an epilogue in which it is galvanized into brief consciousness to die with her body.

High art is shown in the carefully penciled pictures of forests flickering with sunshine, echoing with bird songs among white birch trees interwoven with dogwood, fair with blossoms and astir with wood folk, and always in the heart of the scene young human life and beauty. But innocence is ever surrounded with deepening shadows of approaching guilt, and Undine gains a soul at the cost of life.

The story lags and lingers at times, overburdened with formal and fantastic courtesies, trappings of dress and ornament, and spun out with reflections of a morbid man or the chatter of brainless women. The situations are too dramatic and tense to harmonize with the slow movement up to the culminating events. "The last act" is intolerably long, when the reader's imagination is pressing forward to the fatal moment, while he is held, as it were, by the buttonhole to listen to the rehearsal of the topics of conversation and the manners of the audience gathered in the theater, where the half-bred scoundrel waits with knife in hand to strike the fatal blow.

The part given to Audrey in the ball at the palace is an affront to humanity. The fragrance of love and even of friendship passes too often from the breath of flowers into the odor of bruised weeds. In real life persons do not hate and fight and love and adore and agonize so hotly. Audrey is a composite of Undine, Trilby and Lorna Doone, though with enough of her own to give her originality. Miss Johnston has the power to write a novel that will have a more permanent popularity than any one of the three that have given her well-deserved fame.

The Kingdom of God†

The only philosophy of history which satisfies is that which quickens the idea of purpose in our individual lives. The practical test of religious experience and the speculative truth of the divine government of the world act and react on each other. This is the keynote of Dr. Robertson's book. He traces the mutual relation between institutions and life; he describes the two-fold process—the progress of Christianity as it organizes itself

* Audrey, by Mary Johnston. pp. 418. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

† Regnum Dei. Bampton Lectures, 1901. By Archibald Robertson, D. D. pp. 401. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

in human society, and the progress of society as organized by Christianity. After a survey of the important contributions to the idea of the kingdom of God in the expectations of the Jewish people, the writer passes to the sharp contrast in the preaching of Christ, where the timeless view is presented.

The next lecture deals with the alternative interpretations in the first four centuries, Millenarianism and Montanism. Both conceptions were rooted in Augustine's thought, and it is to his comprehensiveness that we turn today in our inquiries more than to any other source outside the New Testament. The height and breadth of all social problems are found in his ideal and empirical conceptions of the "city of God." Ritschl's system is strongly criticised as having no finality and doing inadequate justice to the eschatological side of the kingdom of God. Millenarianism and the papal system have this in common, they will always retain hold over minds disposed to simple realism.

The book closes with the regret that humanitarian ideals are being substituted for Christian ideals, for the former can never bring in the true human brotherhood, but only some legislative and material endeavors.

The New Books

RELIGION

Ideals of Ministry, by A. Wallace Williamson, D. D. pp. 205. William Blackwood & Sons. London.

This book is in substance six lectures to theological students. Three of the chapters deal with various phases of the calling and life of the minister and the work of the preacher; and three of them, presenting the real message of the writer, treat of worship and the sacraments. The omission of some platitudes, although their familiarity is evidence of their serviceableness, would increase the interest; this padding, however, disappears as soon as the author reaches what he has to say. One could wish that he had given his whole attention to liturgies and the kindred themes, which are treated with ample knowledge, good taste, and great suggestiveness. The ideals are those of the Scottish Church, heightened by a peculiar personal contribution. There is a color from tradition as when light shines through ancient windows, but oftener there is the clear sunshine of the modern world as the life of the age is irradiated from Christ. The unique charm and power of the book are in the exaltation of the spiritual.

Protestant Principles, by J. Monro Gibson, D. D. pp. 171. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 60 cents.

One of a series of Christian Study Manuals. Its aim is to show that the claim of the Roman Church and of the sacerdotalists of the Anglican Church are untenable. It states clearly the theology of evangelical churches, and the points where it differs from the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. In its threefold division it treats of the Word, the Work and the Church of Christ.

Christ and His Cross, selections from Rutherford's Letters, arranged by L. H. M. Soulsby. pp. 207. Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents net. There is a quaint spiritual fervor and otherworldliness about this little volume, and the editor has done a distinct service in freeing it from the Scotch words and complicated references of the original, for the devotional use of English readers. Mr. Soulsby's excellent preface contains a sketch and appreciation of Rutherford. The book will bring refreshment to all who are in depression and suffering of any kind. Its arrangement with the

thought of Lenten readings makes it a seasonal gift.

Our Risen King's Forty Days, by George Dana Boardman, D. D., LL. D. pp. 214. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.

Appropriately brought out at Easter time. It shows us vividly the Risen Christ by narrating and interpreting the Gospel record of his appearances. Simply and thoughtfully written, with a reverent, devotional spirit that makes it helpful and uplifting reading.

FICTION

The Giant's Gate, by Max Pemberton. pp. 393. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

An extraordinary sense of utility accompanies the reading of this novel. General Davignon, as hero, is a typical Frenchman of the type of our own day, furious against Dreyfus and Jews in general, bombastically enthusiastic as to the honor of the army, a framer of large schemes, an utterer of big words, and as a doer absolutely nil. He might have done something with the submarine boat, but he is too much occupied with theatrical benevolence to street gamins and casual sempstresses to keep it in mind. The story ends inconclusively, and we close the volume with no clear idea as to who was the "Giant," or what was his "Gate."

Pendennis, by W. M. Thackeray. 3 vols. pp. 386, 376, 379. Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Barry Lyndon, by W. M. Thackeray. pp. 397. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

These volumes continue the edition of Thackeray's works which we have mentioned before. Where libraries can be furnished with standard books that have stood the test of time, with such clear type, fine illustrations and attractive binding at so small a cost, few American homes need be without the companionship of good books in choice dress.

Naughty Nan, by John Luther Long. pp. 418. Century Co. \$1.50.

Persons who demand plenty of vivacious dialogue and a large number of love scenes will find this story fulfills the conditions; but 418 pages of this sort of stuff, even if the heroine be coquettishly willful and elusive, and the hero a model of honor and masculine astuteness, bring satiety. The author of *The Prince of Illusion* is capable of better work.

Lachmi Bai, by Michael White. pp. 297. J. F. Taylor & Co. \$1.50.

An interesting story of the disinherited princess known as the Rani of Jhansi, who was a striking figure in the rebellion of the races of India against the English in 1857. How much of the book is fact and how much fancy one is not sure, but it sounds not only plausible but probable. The style is not above reproach, and its interest is in its matter rather than its manner.

The Color of His Soul, by Zoe Anderson Norris. pp. 220. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.00.

Policeman Flynn, by Elliott Flower. pp. 293. Century Co. \$1.50.

A serio-humorous study of the character and ways of thinking of a patrolman on the police force. It is a striking book, full of shrewd, sane common sense, and sure to give its readers an increased respect for the rank and file of the guardians of the peace. The short sketches are independent of each other, and will furnish good material for those who wish to find fresh and amusing dialect recitations with nothing to offend refined taste.

MISCELLANEOUS

The College Student and His Problems, by James Hulme Canfield. pp. 197. Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

This wisdom of a man experienced in college and university life is what the boy who is thinking about going to college needs. It will interest his parents almost as much as himself, and even if they are college graduates they will find in this book not a little valuable information. The author says truly that "in purpose and plan, in end and means, in theory and methods, in the general curriculum and in all the details of the work there has been almost a revolution" in education during the last quarter of a century. The chapter on Electives, for example, would have had much less significance twenty-five years ago than now. These counsels are practical, moderate, comprehensive and wise.

John Chinaman and a Few Others, by E. H. Parker. pp. 380. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net. The writer was English consul at various

points in China and Korea and has given us a valuable and entertaining picture of Chinese life. His style is that of fireside reminiscence, not without dignity, but wholly unaffected and full of humor. On the whole his view of Chinese life and character is pleasantly optimistic, in spite of the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, upon the defeat of which so many of his stories turn. He is an avowed Christian, but there is no sense of the duty of obedience to Christ's command to testify in his thought of Christianity. He does not condemn mission work, though he is awake to its dangers and to the political aspects of Roman Catholic ambition. Tribute to the character and influence of such men as Griffith John and to the efficiency of the China Inland Mission is welcome from his pen, and those who desire further testimony as to the propriety of private settlement of mission indemnities under the forms of Chinese usage will find it on p. 117. The pic-

tures are admirable. The character of the writer as revealed in his narrative, which remains always within the limits of personal observation and experience, is a good index to the influence of Great Britain in the far East.

Swiss Life in Town and Country, by Alfred Thomas Storey. pp. 282. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

The fifth in the series called *Our European Neighbors*, under the editing of William H. Dawson. Descriptive rather than historical, dealing with aspects of contemporaneous life. There are interesting chapters on government, industry, cantonal life and character, Swiss women and homes. Philanthropy and religion have a good share of attention. So many of our people know Switzerland as travel ground that a book which gives pictures of the real life of its strong and sturdy people offers, apart from its intrinsic interest, a needed supplement to the guide-book view.

Bits from New Books

The Will to Live

This deathless will to live is a force among the natural forces, which may have more meaning for our future life than has been dreamed of in our philosophy. Like any other energy, we may expect it to be used to its utmost. In the consciousness of man at its highest power, even in the mind of Jesus, it is constant, abounding, unconquerable. —*From Through Science to Faith*, by Newman Smyth.

A Spiritual Dandy

He lived in an atmosphere of æsthetic emotion which he quite mistook for holiness. He was a dandy in the care of his soul, and tricked himself out to catch the eye of high heaven. —*From The Velvet Glove*, by Henry Seton Merriman.

Ulysses to Calypso

This odorous amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee—
Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers—
Falls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
You lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
The screaming gull and wild-flying cloud!

—*From Ulysses*, by Stephen Phillips.

The Artistic Japanese

It is, in point of fact, almost impossible to exaggerate the importance attached to the placing of an object by every Japanese, and it would be no exaggeration to say that if a common coolie were given an addressed envelope to stamp he would take great pains to place that little colored patch in relation to the name and address in order to form a decorative pattern. —*From Japan: a Record in Color*, by Mortimer Menpes.

The Way a Woman Crosses the Street

"But 't is th' women gives me th' most trouble. Oho! th' women! Nine out iv ivery tin if thim is lakin' ner-rve or ilse sinse. Wan iv thim shleps out a fut or two an' thin r-runs back. Thin she thries it wanst more, an' 't is up to me f'r to isort her acrost. Th' nixt wan ducks her head an' goes like a chicken crossin' a r-road. I caught wan iv that kind yisterda-ay whin she was r-runnin' r-right under a pair iv pranein' hor-rses. 'D' ye think ye're a bir-rd?' says I, 'that ye can shpread ye-er wings an' maak a shstraight line?' An' instid iv 'thankin' me she wint awa-ay ma-ad too.' —*From Policeman Flynn*, by Elliott Flower.

A Universal Longing

One of the greatest sources of moral disorder is an exorbitant thirst for happiness. —*From Letters on Life*, by Claudius Clear.

Using Ancient Prayers

If we have rescued from the hymnology of the past the great songs of the church universal—the Te Deum, the Magnificat, the Benedictus, the Gloria in Excelsis—why should we not also take to ourselves what is best and most helpful in all the devotions of the Christian ages, those ancient prayers which seem to breathe a spirit almost unattainable in our feverish and worldly time—a spirit redolent of the age of the martyrs—a calm, high and reverent adoration untainted by local or selfish considerations, but expressing in language universally true the needs and aspirations of the Christian soul. —*From Ideals of Ministry*, by A. Wallace Williamson.

A Lady of the Woods

The beech is not so graceful as the elm, nor so lofty as the pine, nor so stalwart as the oak, but there is not a tree in the woods so distinctly lovable. In every detail, the beech has a dainty, lady-like beauty, and among the leafless trees of the winter woods it is as fair as a flower. —*From Studies of Trees in Winter*, by Annie O. Huntington.

The First Sight of His Baby

"Would you like to hold him?" inquired Lady Maria. She was conscious of a benevolent effort to restrain the irony in her voice. Lord Walderhurst made a slight movement backward.

"I—I should not know how," he said, and then felt angry at himself. He desired to take the thing in his arms. He desired to feel its warmth. He absolutely realized that if he had been alone with it he should have laid aside his eyeglass and touched its cheek with his lips. —*From The Methods of Lady Walderhurst*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Audrey's Dream World

In her lonely life with the beauty of the earth about her, to teach her that there might be greater beauty than she yet might see, with a daily round of sharp words to push her to that escape which lay in a world of dreams, she had entered that world, and thrived therein. It was a world that was as pure as a pearl, and more fantastic than an Arabian tale. —*From Audrey*, by Mary Johnston.

In and Around Chicago

Revival Work in Summer

For several years Chicago Avenue Church, led by Dr. R. A. Torrey, its pastor, has held services every evening in tents pitched in destitute sections of the city. The results have been more encouraging than were anticipated. Efforts are now to be made by all denominations to carry on revival work systematically through the hot months. It is hoped that tents can be procured where necessary, and that out-of-door meetings near the churches can be held when it would be uncomfortable to worship indoors. The subject was discussed by Rev. R. W. Rogers of Lake View before the Ministers' Meeting last Monday. He showed that some of the most successful work in the history of the church had been done in the summer season, and that it is a serious disadvantage to our Christian life to endeavor to discharge all the duties of a year in eight or nine months. Rev. J. J. Broken-shire of Grace Church, whose people are willing to work in the summer as well as in the winter, bore grateful testimony to what he and they had been able to accomplish.

Public Charities and Civil Service

At the meeting of the Congregational Club in the Auditorium, Monday evening, Miss Julia C. Lathrop, who was one of the commissioners of public charities for Illinois from 1894 to 1901, gave an account of the work done by these charities and of the impossibility of rendering the best possible service to the wards of the state unless their care is intrusted to men whose training and habits fit them for the place they fill. The state has assumed the responsibility of providing for nearly 11,000 of its citizens. It has taken them from their homes and friends and placed them in institutions established by the state and supposed to be managed by those who are competent to have charge of them. At present about one-fourth of the revenue of the state is expended for public charities, and the number of those who call for aid is steadily increasing. Most of these wards of the state are lodged in palatial houses. One of these buildings and its annexes has a capacity for 2,400 patients. It costs about \$1,000,000 a year to provide for them. Eight years ago, when a Democratic governor was chosen, every Republican was turned out. When his term of office ended, his successor followed his example and selected Republican employees. The same course was pursued again and again, until in eight years there have been in this institution five different superintendents. Less than a dozen of the employees of eight years ago are connected with the institution. Unless there can be some assurance of permanency there is no possibility of obtaining the best men for the most responsible positions.

Care of Dependent Children

The same evening Rev. Dr. H. H. Hart, superintendent of the Children's Home and Aid Society, gave an account of the work which is done in this city for the protection and training of needy children. So far as possible institutional life is avoided. The children who come into the hands of the society are placed in homes, where they are often adopted, and where they are promised a good education and a training which will prepare them to meet the responsibilities of life.

The New President at Evanston

On March 18 Dr. E. J. James, late a professor in the University of Chicago, assumed the duties of president of Northwestern University at Evanston. He was introduced by Acting-President Bonbright, and was received with cheers by the six hundred or more students gathered in the chapel at prayers. President James announced no policy, rather suggesting that his policy would be determined by the needs of the institution as he might discover them.

Convocation

The forty-first convocation sermon of the University of Chicago was preached March 16 by Rev. Dr. Fauze of Brown University. The convocation address was given in Studebaker Hall Tuesday evening, March 18, by Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*. It was designed for young men especially, and is regarded as one of the best addresses with which the university has been favored. The subject was the outlook for the young man in the social and economic order. He called attention to the fact that money, apart from personality, is not a source of power, that the gains even of rich men are due to what they do rather than to the interest their money earns, that the man is in reality superior to the dollar. Through co-operation Dr. Shaw thinks the working day will be shortened, that through the union of money, brain power and labor the condition of the working man will be greatly improved. President Harper made no announcements of gifts or of plans for the development of the university. Nothing was said about the Technical School, or the union of Armour Institute with the university. Nor was there any reference, as some had supposed there would be, to changes in the relations of the young men and young women in the university. A good deal has been said in the public press about the jealousy of the sexes in the institution. But there is certainly no intention on the part of the university to deprive young women of any of the advantages which the university can furnish. The reports show an attendance of 1,305 young women and 1,290 young men at the university during the winter term, an increase of twenty-eight per cent. over the attendance of 1901.

Chicago, March 22.

FRANKLIN.

The Minister Laymen Want

The Cleveland ministers had for their March meeting a Laymen's Day, with program provided by Rev. A. M. Ingraham. Mrs. Ellen J. Phinney, former president of the National Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., spoke brightly and strongly on What I Want My Minister to Be, calling for a manly man, intellectual, spiritual, social, pledged to reforms, and himself practicing what he preaches. Mrs. C. W. Carroll, wife of the Hough Avenue pastor, and for years the efficient president of the O. W. H. M. U., described the minister's wife as differing from others in that while they can largely choose their lives, the minister's wife must be practically an unpaid assistant of her husband, with unavoidable duties of hospitality and publicity, and too often slender means for making herself presentable for the conspicuous places she must occupy.

Rev. W. R. Spindler, now a deacon in Lake

View Church, spoke discriminatingly but appreciatively of The Pulpit as Seen from the Pew, suggesting more care in public prayer and a larger Scriptural element in the sermon.

Mr. H. Clark Ford made a strong and tender address, in which he sketched the minister he would have as honest, clean, "all around," intelligent, and a Christian gentleman, "a friend of God"; and indicated the preaching he wanted as taking account of the great fact of sin, and now and then presenting the old-fashioned doctrine of repentance; "preaching to my conscience, if I have one, and if not, awakening one in me"; presenting the nature and attributes of God, rooting itself in the Scriptures.

J. G. F.



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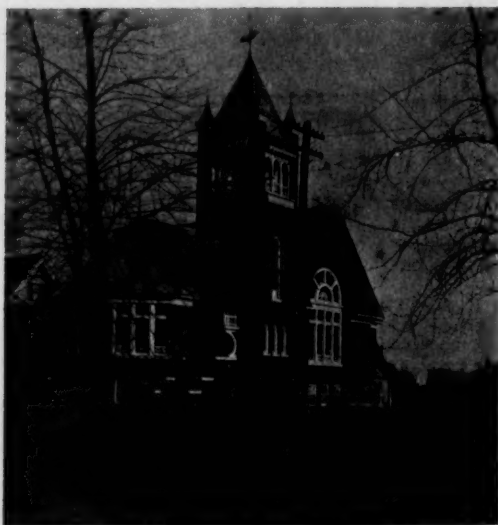
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Rhode Island

Consulting State Editor: Rev. F. B. Pullan, Providence

The Edgewood Dedication

Just on the edge of Providence, yet in the town of Cranston, the Edgewood Church, after experiences of stress and strife followed by peace and prosperity, has reached a period of delightful and congratulatory success. Its beautiful church building was ded-



EDGEWOOD'S NEW EDIFICE

icated March 12. It was a joyful event to the church, the neighborhood and the fellowship of churches. Addresses were made by Dr. Vose and Rev. L. S. Woodworth of Highland Church, who was associated with the enterprise in its beginning. Dr. E. C. Moore preached the sermon. The prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. W. S. Hawkes of Springfield, Mass., father of the pastor, Rev. Albert Hawkes.

Next evening the building was open for inspection and refreshments were served. This promising suburban enterprise enters upon a new era of work in a most hopeful region for the growth of a strong family church. The building will not be adequate long, though now it has fine space for all lines of its work.

The Half Century of Central Church

The fiftieth anniversary of this Providence church began March 16. An eight-page edition of the Weekly Calendar gave a full program for the historic occasion. Dr. Moore's morning sermon referred to the event, and the usual dignified and impressive order of worship was pervaded with the spirit of loving church life. In the afternoon the spacious auditorium was filled with participants in the fellowship communion of the Lord's Supper, to which all neighboring Congregational churches had been invited. On Monday evening in the Memorial Chapel, the history of the first two pastorates was received. A paper, by Dea. M. E. Torrey, one of the few surviving original members, told of beginning and progress under the leadership of the brilliant Dr. Leonard Swain, who died in the pastoral office in 1800. Pres. George Harris of Amherst College gave reminiscences of his pastoral relationship, 1872-1883, when he was called to Andover Seminary. His address was a graceful mingling of history and humor. Dr. Vose brought greetings as from one who had long personal acquaintance.

On Tuesday evening addresses were heard from Rev. C. W. Huntington, 1834-88, who left this pastorate to accept a call to Lowell, Mass. Then came Dr. E. C. Moore, installed in January, 1889, and whose dismissing coun-

sel was held March 21. His paper told modestly the fine story of later enlargement and strengthening of the last quarter of the half century of church life under his own leadership. He could not describe it as another would justly be able to do, for Central Church now, in its magnificent house of worship, with its complete equipment as a church home for over

700 members, and with a circle of surrounding homes of wealth and refinement in the ideal locality of the city whose Christian life, as expressed by the story of benevolence and influence at home and abroad is of the truest and strongest sort, is really a tribute to the vigorous and virile Christianity of Dr. Moore.

Dr. G. F. Moore of Harvard extended happy greetings as from one who had ministered in intervals between three pastorates, and who is to preach for a time after his brother's departure for Europe, after the close of his fruitful pastorate on Easter Day. Rev. W. T. Holmes spoke for the assistant ministers, four of whom have been with the church in succession since 1894.

The social element was beautifully provided for. The aged members able to attend were given places of ease and honor. The history of the splendid growth and strong, undisturbed life of this now famous Rhode Island church, as the substantial statistics of financial prosperity and benevolence told it in connection with the spiritual power of the noble names among its past and present members, can but confirm the Lord's promise that he would build his church.

Village Churches

The progress of the kingdom is forwarded as much by suburban as by urban saints, and Rhode Island is no exception. The evidences of spiritual life, so marked a year ago at Saylesville under the then new ministry of Rev. Archibald McCord, have not waned. Eight accessions in March brought the whole number received into the church to sixty-three. Financial increase, grading in the Sunday school, missionary gifts and the organizing of a young ladies' missionary society and classes for instruction in Christian culture are fruits of the same spirit. God has abundantly favored the temporary presence of Dr. McCord with this rural church.

Newman Church, East Providence, with a history of 259 years, is yet green and flourishing. A new manual, which showed the effect of healthful, honest pruning in the church roll, was published the first of the year. Individual communion cups have been introduced. Rev. L. Z. Ferris has been pastor since 1888.

Howard Church, Cranston, has had its best year of all the ten since Rev. R. K. Wickett became pastor. A pleasant feature is a fortnightly Bible Club, officered by president and secretary only. Two or three short essays or addresses on Bible men and women are prepared, and assigned questions are answered. Special religious feeling is manifest among the young people.

Kingston, where Rev. Malcolm Dana is getting a splendid grip on the affection of the people, has a limited field for enlarging numbers, but the work is cheering among those quite young. The pastor's class for training

intelligent candidates for membership is a strong feature. The Agricultural College near by strengthens the church. The wife of the president and a professor and his wife recently joined on confession. The parsonage has been glorified by the recent advent of a baby.

Barrington's meeting house, manse, barn and horse sheds have been painted at a cost of \$750. When the bill came it was receipted in full by the generosity of a man seldom seen inside "the White Church," but who has thus made the largest individual gift ever received during the 238 years of the church's history. Rev. M. L. Williston has hope for some of those who are "without."

The Famine Children of India

For most of the famine children the India missionaries only ask support at \$20 a child annually, for a term of three or five years, according to the age of the child. The reason for this is that the children are being industrially trained. The Marathi Mission lays great emphasis on this. The children must become industrious and self-supporting.

Dr. R. A. Hume's famine children "have all some regular schooling. Some of them have made remarkable progress. Forty-eight of the girls have just been promoted to a higher school. I have begun to teach English to those famine boys in Ahmednagar city who are learning trades. This will help them in after life, and make the learning of trades more popular. Except the smallest ones all the girls sew. Some sew excellently. Two girls of the Bhil or hunter caste, who had never touched a needle, and who in Bhil homes might never have used one all their lives, have learned to sew so admirably that they have assisted Mrs. Hume in teaching others to sew. All the older girls help in the cooking. Forty girls are learning the rug-weaving as an industry. I plan to have all the famine boys learn to cook and to sew. A few sew well. Nine of my boys are learning farming, twelve carpentry, four smithing, six brasswork, five tailoring, two housework, one peon's work. Of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Modak's seventy-three boys, one-half are learning farming, some carpentry, some smithing."

At Sirur Rev. R. Winsor has a thoroughly practical industrial institution, in which the famine children are learning rope-making, carpentry, blacksmithing, alce culture, etc.

In Sholapur, in charge of Rev. L. S. Gates, classes in rug-weaving, carpentry, sewing, gardening, etc., are in operation.

Of Rev. E. S. Hume's famine children at Bombay, nearly forty boys go regularly to the Reay Art Workshops, where they are being taught stone-cutting as masons, stone-carving, wood-carving, mural decorations, designing and cutting of stencils and pottery. All are taught to draw, as an essential to these trades. In the evening a night school is held for them, that they may have Bible study and continue to learn to read and to write. On their own premises the boys clean cocoanut fiber, are taught gardening (vegetable), poultry-raising and carpentry out of school hours. The carpenters work and study one half day each. The gold and silver embroidery industry, managed by Mrs. Hume, added to all kinds of needlework, prospers.

Farming and the weaving of native silk clothes (*lugadia*), and the weaving of the coarser cloths used by the common people, are the specialties being taught at Vadala to the famine children in care of Rev. H. Fairbank.

What Specific Sums Will Do

| | |
|---------|--|
| \$1,000 | will support 50 children for a year. |
| \$1,000 | will support 10 children for five years. |
| \$100 | will support 5 children for one year. |
| \$20 | will support 1 child for one year. |
| \$10 | will support 1 child for six months. |
| \$5 | will support 1 child for three months. |
| \$1 | will support 1 child for two weeks. |

North Dakota

Consulting State Editors: Pres. J. H. Morley and Rev. G. J. Powell, Fargo

The Home Missionary Outlook

ORGANIZATION

Sixteen churches organized and two resurrected within fourteen months is an evidence of the "second wind" of our work in the Flickertail state. The hundred mark was passed in January. Of the 106 in the list all but two are alive and holding services.

Of the sixteen churches a year old and under, six are at railroad points, ten are in the country and all are English-speaking but two. Only one was organized where another church existed, and the latter was hurriedly gathered when it was known that we were about to organize.

OPPORTUNITY AND NEED

A tidal wave of land seekers is coming this way and, indeed, this movement is general in the West. Prosperity throughout the country makes an easy money market and fosters the speculative spirit. This accounts in part for this Western movement, but it is more the natural pushing out from smaller towns and farms of the new generation of young people, who want homes and farms of their own and cannot well get started in the over-crowded towns and on the high-priced lands of the older states of the middle West. Iowa is sending more people than any other state. They make good settlers, will teach the wheat-raising farmer how to raise corn and stock, and will help us keep our prohibition laws. We hope that goodly Congregational state will send us some preachers to help us care for the large number of sons and daughters she is intrusting to us.

We are in the constructive period, and are likely to be, for years to come. About fifty churches are yet to be housed in their own buildings, and a number of ministers are in "hired houses." This year should see at least a dozen new houses of worship. We hope that blessed Church Building Society will have a full treasury, for we shall need its help. I fear that even so many new buildings will not reduce the number of unhoused churches, for we shall organize more than a dozen new ones this year.

MINISTERIAL SUPPLY

It may be interesting to note where we get our ministers, for it will throw some light on the question of ministerial supply. Of the sixteen men who have come into our work during the past fourteen months, eight were regularly trained. Of the former, five were last year's seminary graduates; the other three were pastors of some years' experience. Of the eight not graduates of our schools, one came from the Presbyterian ministry, though he was ordained some years ago among us. Five others came of Presbyterian antecedents, and three from the family of John Wesley. Some of these brethren have special gifts, are strong on the evangelistic side, and will be a valuable addition to our working force.

It is certain that our seminaries are not turning out enough men. The fault is not with the seminaries. They turn out, splendidly furnished for the ministry, about all the men the churches send them. They cannot furnish ministers unless the churches send them the stuff to make them of. It would be well for our seminary professors to visit the colleges and speak on the work of the ministry and the need of reapers. There are no unemployed ministers up this way. I haven't seen a "loose" minister all winter. A coming graduate of Chicago Seminary wrote me that Illinois alone could take the whole of his class this summer. However, North Dakota expects to have one or two of that same class.

NEW WORK AND WORKERS

Twenty or more churches have held special meetings this winter. It has been a favorable season for them, on account of the mild winter and because of unusual spiritual interest. We look for this to grow. It is especially marked among the Scandinavians. The statistics for 1902 will show large additions to the churches.

The time has fully come for the growth of our Scandinavian work. The opportunity is great. General Missionaries H. F. Josephson and N. J. Lind are finding little groups of unshepherded Christians all over the state. Twenty-five churches might be formed among these most excellent people, if money and men were available to push the work.

The Sunday school missionary service is to be enlarged by the addition of another worker for six months. Our Presbyterian friends are to have four such missionaries in North Dakota, so important does this year seem for new work. Three helpers for Superintendent Stickney in this valuable pioneering work would be none too many.

The Red River Valley Congregational Club has held two meetings this winter and will have another soon. Its president is Judge N. C. Young of the State Supreme Court.

CHURCHES COMING OF AGE

Three churches pass their twenty-first milestone this year. Wahpeton, the oldest, is starting out hopefully this spring with its new pastor, Rev. T. M. Edmands, recently of Mankato, Minn. Fargo First goes on strongly under Rev. C. H. Dickinson, recently from New York State. He is a "western-eastern" man, the best sort of combination for any church. Valley City has just lost Rev. J. J. Dalton after three years of faithful service resulting in enlarged membership and improvement of church property. With the state normal school, a growing town, and our largest Sunday school, this church should forge ahead in coming years. Space fails to tell the many good things which might be said of the splendid men who are devoting themselves to our work in this great young state; and of the churches—a goodly sisterhood.

G. J. P.

As Seen by the Superintendent of Sunday Schools

The past year has been the best in the history of Christian work in the state. Twenty-six new Sunday schools, with a membership of 784, have been established, and thirteen new churches. An average of more than two new Sunday schools and more than one new church each month is certainly a good record. In each case the Sunday school has preceded the church and has done strictly pioneer work. Only one of the twenty-six schools was established in a community where there was any other school at the time of organization. This indicates that our workers have found abundant room without crowding in upon work already established.

Superintendent Powell and the state home missionary committee have found it a difficult problem to care for all this new work in addition to the old without increased missionary appropriation. Yet by heroic action on the part of the older churches it is expected that all the new ones will be cared for. But with as many more opportunities in which to establish new work, and with expectation of the largest immigration yet this coming season, there is imperative need of means to carry on this work and keep up with the opportunities presented. Where can churches of the Pilgrim faith and order be planted to better advantage than in this new Northwest?

From careful estimates gathered from different sources it seems probable that 50,000 new settlers will find homes in this state the coming season. These new comers are a most desirable class of people, hailing for the most part from our older states. Much railroad building is projected, and many new towns are springing up.

The question is anxiously asked, Where will the workers come from? With few men in view from the seminaries, our only recourse is to other denominations or to imperfectly trained men. Much is said about an over-crowded ministry. It certainly is not in these new states. It is thought unwise for our seminaries to have short courses or to encourage men to enter the ministry through a short course. When our seminary graduates have larger and more attractive fields offered them as soon as they are through their studies, it seems unfortunate that most of the work in these new communities must be given over to men who have never studied in a seminary or who are not at all acquainted with our polity. Has not a serious mistake been made in compelling the employment of this class of men or else withdrawing from these fields, saying that we cannot do the hardest pioneer work?

An interesting feature of this new work is that we do not have to wait to find those of our own polity. Half the churches organized had not originally a single Congregationalist. The man who comes here eager to deliver the gospel message has no difficulty in finding those glad to listen. A word of commendation should be spoken for the faithful men laboring in the state. While most of them are young or in middle life, it would be very difficult to find an abler or more faithful body of workers.

E. H. S.

In Southwestern Michigan

In this section there is a quiet, which indicates deep interest or careless indifference. I am hopeful enough to believe that it means deep interest. There have been few pastoral changes during recent weeks. At Galesburg a quick shift was made in the working forces, losing Rev. Samuel Pearson, who went to Kansas, and gaining Rev. J. D. Howell, who came from another part of Michigan. Augusta, the nearest church to Galesburg, is somewhat disturbed over its possibilities. It cannot decide how strong it is, or, rather, it is inclined to decide too quickly how weak it is. As a result the church is without a pastor, and likely to remain so, unless its members have a vision of the chariots of God.

Good reports are coming in from the church at Cooper, where Rev. J. M. Warren is working. It is located in a bit of Michigan that suggests western Massachusetts. It is a typical New England hill town, both in natural and acquired conditions. The community is strong in its devotion to temperance principles, and the pastor is concentrating this strength in the church.

Some brethren in the state are casting a wistful eye over to the Seventh Day Adventist stronghold at Battle Creek. This little city is growing rapidly, and to make its growth all that it should be it needs a Congregational church. Developments may be expected at an early date. On the northern edge of southwestern Michigan is Grand Rapids, with its Park Church and departing pastor. This letter is supposed to be limited to a certain section of the state, but on the theory that what belongs to all sections belongs to each I am justified in saying my word about Dr. Bradley. Outside of Grand Rapids no part of Michigan will miss this genial and able minister more than ours. He did a work for the churches as well as a church, and among the churches helped by his ministrations are many to the south of the "Furniture City."

R. W. MC L.

How Japan Received the Treaty

BY JAMES H. PETTER

Alliance with England

Japan is stunned with astonishment, dazed with delight over the new political alliance. The country was taken completely by surprise, so well had the secret been kept. There is but one comment to be made on the incident. It was a master stroke of statesmanship. Press and people are so at one in their appreciation of its importance and their grateful approval of its accomplishment that the sinister criticisms of a few newspaper dyspeptics make no impression on the general public.

The chief fault found by the few is because the agreement does not provide against the possibility of one of the contracting Powers meeting disaster in a war with a single outside Power. Only against two or more Powers may the allies under the terms of the covenant join forces. However, the nation rightly reasons that there is but an infinitesimal probability of war between Japan and a single powerful antagonist, and that if such a case should arise England would find some way to give any really needed assistance.

National Rejoicing

The sentiment of the country as a whole is far better set forth in a song written by a prominent teacher in the school founded by Fukuzawa, the famous educationalist who died year before last. This song was sung by the students as they marched through the streets of Tokyo on Feb. 14 celebrating the great event. The first verse, as translated by a Japanese, of what may be styled the Nation's Valentine for 1902, reads thus:

Hail to the day! The glad some day
The East and the West have met!
The land where shines the morning sun
And the land where he never can set!
Round each other their flags are furled,
Signaling peace throughout the world!

Premier Katsura, now viscount, will be made a count, Baron Hayashi, Japanese minister at London, and Mr. Komura, Japan's very able minister of state for foreign affairs, will be created viscounts. Celebrations are being held all over the country.

It is interesting to note that of all the congratulatory messages received Japan was most pleased over President Roosevelt's prompt and hearty assurance of approval, and the genuine satisfaction shown by the governments of China and Korea. The alliance distinctly makes for the peace of the East, and for industrial and moral progress.

Tiger Year

Coming as it does early in the year of evil omen, the news of this alliance will go far to counteract the superstitious feeling prevailing among the masses of the people, that no good thing can happen in the year of the tiger.

That feeling had already been greatly stimulated by the deplorable disaster in northern Japan, by which nearly two hundred officers and men were frozen to death in the snow, and also by several minor accidents resulting in loss of life, through snow avalanches or coast storms. The Aomori disaster seems to have been a needless waste of life, although the cold this year has been exceptional and the fall of snow almost unprecedented. The official investigation is still pending.

Another distressing event, which, however, comes as an inheritance from year before last (the year of the rat, an animal that likes to gnaw where he is not wanted), is the recent arrest of several army officers for looting in China. It looks at present as though actual guilt would be fastened upon only two officers, a colonel and a major, but the good names of several others have been smirched.

Risk and Poor

A burning question of the day is the disposal of the drainage from the largest copper

mines in Japan, situated some ninety miles northwest of Tokyo. The drainage, impregnated as it is with salts of copper, has devastated thousands of acres of valuable rice land and reduced hundreds of farmers to a condition little short of starvation.

A frenzy of feeling against the wealthy owner of the mine and various officials charged with bribery in connection with the affair has swept over the country, students and others by the hundreds have visited the locality, and, perhaps most remarkable of all, Christians and Buddhists have united in a heroic attempt to secure contributions and to arouse public sentiment to the point of compelling an abatement of the nuisance. The minister of education has been obliged to interfere and prohibit students from visiting the region, and the government is being forced to take a hand in the settlement of the vexed problem. Wide sympathy has been aroused for the suffering farmers, and the death by suicide a few months ago of the wife of the wealthy proprietor was regarded by millions as a righteous judgment of heaven upon the moneyed mine owner.

President Hopkins's Service to Kansas City

BY REV. D. BAINES-GRIFFITHS

"You can't get Hopkins. I've just tried my best to get him to take the presidency of a Western college, and he won't leave Westfield." This was Dr. Storrs's rather forbidding forecast in 1879, when a Kansas City emissary called to get the Brooklyn minister's advice. The prediction was not substantiated, however, for the young clergyman decided to leave his Massachusetts parish to build foundations in the West.

Parisian finish was in no sense a characteristic of the Kansas City to which Henry Hopkins went. Its population of 70,000 was a perplexing conglomerate, and there was not a block of first-class street paving in the place. Originally a steamboat landing for the Santa Fé trail, it had emerged from the war period with the rancorous disposition of a border town, but offering an increasingly attractive field for business enterprise. The first comers were not looking for opportunities of social service. Like the average community of the day and region Kansas City was a rough town.

Times have changed since then. At the mouth of the Kansas River there is now a city of over 200,000. For the most part it lives a worthy municipal life, and there is a civic consciousness that promises patient continuance in well-doing.

In 1880 First Church had a membership of 150, worshiping in a little wooden structure now used as a stable. Four years later the church made its home in the stone meeting house, erected at a cost of \$85,000. It now has over five hundred members, and raises \$10,000 yearly for running expenses and philanthropic activities. To six churches of the Pilgrim faith it holds the relation of benign mother.

Twenty-two years is a large slice of a man's working time, yet it was fitting that a son of privilege like the Westfield pastor should determine on giving his best energy to Christ's service in the capacious West—the West that has been "mewing its mighty youth." Dr. Hopkins now turns his face Eastward, and his fellow-citizens are paying tributes that it is a great honor for any man to receive.

From the beginning, Dr. Hopkins has influenced the men at the heart of things—the makers and guardians of Kansas City. A demand arose some years ago for a modernized city charter that would open the way for a system of parks and boulevards, and in other directions realize the ideal of "a city to dwell in." The result was reached through the patient work of a municipal improvement

league, in which the minister of First Church was a toiler. When the charter amendment came before the people for action, Dr. Hopkins preached a sermon that was afterwards printed and used as a campaign document in the successful canvass. "If it hadn't been for First Church, there would have been no pestiferous park system," said an irate gentleman, opposed to the idea of a local paradise. The municipal authorities appointed Dr. Hopkins to prepare and present a report for the city at the Louisville meeting of the National Municipal League, the sole reason for the choice being that he was the man to do it.

To some well-intentioned folk the appearance of an abuse in public life is the signal for an apostolate of rhetoric and a crusade of criticism. Perhaps an occasional good is accomplished by the uncalculating reformer who cries for betterment without employing means. With Dr. Hopkins, the approved method has been to offer a positive program. He is no pulpit orator, but in bringing things to pass he is of more value than many spellbinders. He has said as a minister only what he has felt as a man.

The most meager estimate must take account of the manifold services rendered by Dr. Hopkins as trustee of educational foundations like Drury College and Kidder Institute, as adviser in the distribution of charities, as a successful wooer of money for good causes. But it is as a minister of Jesus Christ that he is most honored in a community that feels impoverished in his removal. "I don't believe your doctrine," said a poor fellow, one day, "but I believe in you." His church, enjoying and reflecting the spiritual camaraderie, has always been foremost in good works. Before institutional churches were heard of, it was busy carrying out its program of practical helpfulness to the poor and overborne.

A college presidency was inevitable for a man who has had so many "calls," a baker's dozen of them. That he should go to Williamstown meets every requirement of sentiment. But with unwavering reverence for the memory of Mark Hopkins many of us feel that it was not his least distinction to be the father of the man who is bringing to the new task a personality that so nobly realizes a synthesis of culture and restraint, the union of learning and love. With Henry Hopkins as president, Old Williams will not need to substitute history for hope.

A Worcester Resignation

After eleven and a half years of successful work, Dr. A. Z. Conrad will close his pastorate at the Old South Church May 1. His resignation, read last Sunday morning, was a great surprise to most of his people. For some time Dr. Conrad has been suffering from heart and nervous trouble, resulting from his seventeen years of arduous labor. His physicians assert the imperative need of immediate relaxation.

Dr. Conrad came to the Old South Church in 1890 from the Ainslie Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, where, during a five years' pastorate, he had received over 500 members. The Old South had recently occupied its new edifice. The membership was about 350 and there was a debt of \$40,000. Dr. Conrad purposed to bring the membership up to 1,000 and clear off the debt. Without having an assistant, he has accomplished his purpose. The church has just cleared off its debt and the membership stands at 1,138, the second largest in Massachusetts.

Dr. Conrad has been a brilliant preacher—practical, fearless, sympathetic and intensely evangelical. He has long had the largest Sunday evening congregations in the city, the usual attendance being a thousand or more. The chief feature of this service has been earnest gospel sermons thirty to thirty-five minutes long.

R. W. P.

Changes in Lowell Pulpits

Dr. F. A. Warfield, pastor of First Church, has announced his acceptance of a call to Milford. His departure means a great loss to Lowell, where his influence has been a continuous power for good, especially in removing the remnants of bitter feeling over the disagreements which resulted in the separation of the First and the First Trinitarian Churches. Surely if ever a minister was providentially called to a particularly needed task it has been this peaceful, earnest pastor, who has prepared the way, in part, at least, by self-sacrifice, for a successful work on the part of his successor. Dr. Warfield's earlier pastorates, especially the fruitful ones at Brockton, Mass., and Omaha, Neb., which have previously received recognition in these columns, should not be forgotten. The pastor of John Street Church has also announced his fixed determination to retire at the close of the tenth year of his pastorate. Both these Lowell churches find themselves embarrassed by changes in the heart of the city, whence the Protestant population has almost entirely removed to the suburbs. J.

TEN YEARS IN LOWELL

The council called by John Street Church, Lowell, met March 17, to act upon the resignation of Rev. George H. Johnson. Every church invited was represented. After expressions from many members voicing deep regret at Mr. Johnson's withdrawal from his present work, the council advised the dissolution of the pastoral relation.

Mr. Johnson, as preacher, teacher, pastor and citizen, deserves the warm praise expressed by the council. He is one of the best Protestant ministers in the city, always standing fearlessly for temperance and good citizenship, with a cordial greeting for all the churches, and ever ready to help the needy and unfortunate. His ministry has been for all the city. He has been a welcome guest at the public functions of the churches of all denominations, of Grand Army Posts, temperance and missionary societies. He has been deeply interested in, and an ardent supporter of, the Y. P. S. C. E., being president of the local union for several years. During most of his pastorate he has conducted a Saturday afternoon union Bible class in the Y. M. C. A. building with rare success. On every hand are heard words of sincere regret that such a minister, public-spirited, thoroughly furnished and equipped for Christian service, and wise and sane in his methods, should leave the city where he is so much needed.

An especially pleasant feature of the council was the reading from the church records of a letter from a sister church expressing profound sorrow at Mr. Johnson's resignation, honoring him for his "sturdy, Christian manhood, his unfailing courtesy, and his fine gentlemanliness," and honoring the John Street Church for its devotion and loyal support. The records also expressed "high appreciation of his indefatigable and devoted work, during which he and his family have become endeared to us to an extent not usual between pastor and people." G. F. K.

Record of the Week

Calls

ANDERSON, CARL J., Swedish Ch., Proctor, Vt., to Swedish Ch., Orange, Mass. Accepts.
ASHDOWN, CHAS. R., Doremus Ch., Chicago, to Waveland Ave., same city.
BOYLE, ELLIOTT A., Scranton, Pa., to Camden, N. Y. Accepts.
BURN, HORACE M., West Chicago, Ill., to Oneida, Ontario. Accepts.
CODDINGTON, FRED'K M., Otsego, Mich., to Presb. Ch., Quincy. Accepts.
COOL, JAS. W., accepts call to Bedford Park Ch., New York city.
CHENEY, B. ROYAL, Endeavor, Wis., to Second Ch., Beloit. Accepts, beginning work April 1.
CROSSLAND, GEO. E., formerly of Olivet Ch., Kansas City, Mo., to Aurora. Accepts.

DALTON, JOHN J., not in charge of the church at Norwalk, O.

DAVISON, AUGUSTUS, Herndon, Va., to Circular Ch., Charleston, S. C. Accepts.

DUDLEY, MYRON S., Boston, Mass., formerly at Nantucket, to Newington, N. H. Accepts.

EDWARDS, JONATHAN, Wardner, Ida., to Pendleton, Ore.

FISK, CHAS. L., Berea Ch., Chicago, to Sabetha, Kan. Accepts.

GOODWIN, SHERMAN S., Orford, N. H., to Bartlett, Declines.

HAND, LA ROY S., Arlington, Neb., to Runnells, Ia.

HUMPHREY, OLIVER M., Silver Creek, Ia., declines call to Bondurant and Linn Grove.

JENNINGS, WM. L., Bangor Sem., to Norridge-wood, Me. Accepts.

MICKELS, PETER A., De Kalb, Ill., to Finnish-Swedish Ch., Worcester, Mass. Accepts.

PHINNEY, ROSS (M. E.), Boston Univ., to Fairmount Ch., Wichita, Kan.

ROBERTS, CLARENCE E., formerly of Valencia, Kan., to re-establish the church at Osawatimie.

ROBERTS, MRS. ROSE, formerly at Valencia, Kan., to Wellsville. Accepts.

RUDDOCK, CHAS. A., Garvin, Minn., to Lambertton. Accepts.

SALLMON, WM. A., Bridgeport, Ct., to presidency of Taber College. Declines.

SCHOFIELD, JOHN, lately of Brantford, Can., to Brightwood Ch., Indianapolis, Ind.

SCOGGIN, A. T., Atlanta Theological Sem., to Marietta St. Ch., Atlanta, Ga.

SMITH, WM. B., to remain another year at Partridge, Kan. Accepts.

TORNBLUM, AUGUST F., Zion Ch., Hartford, Ct., to Swedish Ch., Proctor, Vt. Accepts.

WHEELER, EDGAR C., Hyannis, Mass., to Rockland. Accepts.

Ordinations and Installations

BOUTELLIER, ALBERT, o. Central Ch., Boston, March 18. Parts by Rev. Messrs. Joshua Colt, W. A. Knight and Samuel Loomis, D. D.

COOL, JAS. W., i. Bedford Park Ch., New York city. Sermon, Rev. Luther R. Dyott; other parts, Rev. Messrs. W. H. Kephart, S. H. Cox and Dr. E. P. Ingersoll.

GODDARD, LOUIS A., o. Somers, Ct., March 22. Parts by Rev. Messrs. C. H. Davis, H. T. Barnard, E. A. Burnham and D. E. Jones.

Resignations

BRADSTREET, ALBERT E., Newport, Washington and Prairie River, Ida., on account of the critical illness of Mrs. Bradstreet.

CONRAD, ARCTURUS Z., First Ch., Worcester, Mass. He is in poor health and will go to the Pacific coast for rest.

DONALDSON, LEVI J., Tavares, Fla., removes to Demorest, Ga.

HOLBROOK, FRED'K C., Lakewood Ch., Cleveland, O., after five years' service.

MARSH, HAMMOND L., Kiowa, Kan., to take effect on or before June 1.

PARKS, WM. U., Clark, S. D., to take effect the first of June.

PERKINS, GEO. G., Rogers, Ark., to take effect May 15.

SANDLIN, NICHOLAS A., Halesville and Courtland, Ala., resigns Courtland.

SEDGWICK, EDWARD C., Curtisville, Mass.

WARFIELD, FRANK A., First Ch., Lowell, Mass.

WITHEY, F. N., Harrison Ave. Ch., Oklahoma City, Okl., to take effect May 1.

Dismissals

FURBISH, EDWARD B., Spencerport, N. Y., March 18.

MOORE, EDWARD C., Central Ch., Providence, R. I., March 21.

JOHNSON, GEO. H., John St. Ch., Lowell, Mass., March 17.

Churches Organized and Recognized

ATLANTA, GA., Marietta St. Ch.

GASTON, IND., 25 Feb. 14 members. Rev. F. W. Long, pastor.

LEEDY, OKL. 6 members. Pastor, Rev. R. B. Turner, in connection with Rome, Perkins and Streeter.

Stated Supplies

MORDEN, D. W., Queen's Univ., at Bethel Ch., Kingston, Can.

Continued on page 469.



A plain cake, made with Cleveland's Baking Powder, is superior to a pound cake costing twice as much made with an alum powder.

Cleveland's Baking Powder is pure, clean and wholesome, and with less trouble and concern makes the cake lighter, sweeter, purer, more appetizing and beautiful.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK

Take every precaution to avoid alum baking powders, as alum in food is deleterious. They may be known by their lower price.

Let a man just look in books, and, as far as I am concerned, I would not give what he gets from them for nine hundred and ninety-nine sermons out of a thousand you hear in the churches.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

JUDD-HARMAN—In Coolville, O. March 20, by Rev. H. S. Wiley of Hillsboro, N. D., Rev. Hubert O. Judd, pastor of Congregational Church at Mantarville, Minn., and Clara Harman.

PRENTISS-HATHEWAY—In Poquonock, Ct. March 19, by Rev. Nathan T. Merwin, Rev. William C. Prentiss and Miss Elsie A. Hatheway, both of Poquonock.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

KELLOGG—In Dorset, Vt., Feb. 28, Deacon William Kellogg, aged 91 yrs. He was a member of the Dorset Congregational Church for seventy-five years and an honored deacon since 1841.

MERRIAM—In Oakland, Cal., March 1, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Merriam, widow of W. A. Merriam, aged 71 yrs., 9 mos. She was a native of Martinead, Mass.

TURNER—In Bartonsville, Pa. March 10, Rev. Douglass K. Turner, aged 79 yrs. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., and was a lineal descendant of Elder Brewer, one of the Mayflower Pilgrims.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Mary Upham Bingham, wife of Mr. G. W. Bingham, principal of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., passed away March 4 after a long and painful illness, which she bore with the sweetest christian fortitude. Scidom has a death in the community caused such a deep and widespread sorrow. During the seventeen years of her residence in Derry she endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. Her literary attainments were of the highest order, but her best gift was that of a warm, loving heart.

None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.

She seemed to feel that her many and varied talents were not for her own use and gratification alone, but to benefit others and to aid in the service of the Master.

She touched many lives for good. As librarian of Pinkerton Academy she was able to direct the reading of the students. She was a vice-president of the American Peace Society, an interested member of the W. C. T. U. and of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. By constant service in the Sunday school, and by organizing and fostering mission bands and reading circles, she was a true inspiration to a nobler life among the young people.

During her connection with the Molly Reid Chapter, D. A. R., of which she was a charter member, she filled several important offices, serving two years as regent. The grace and dignity with which she presided, the magnetism of her presence and her ready tact under all circumstances will never be forgotten.

She will be missed everywhere—from the home of which she was the light, from the church, from the societies with which she was connected and from the hearts of all who knew and loved her.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

MRS. G. H. FISHERDICK

The sudden death of Mrs. G. H. Fisherick, which occurred at her home in Palmer, Mass., Feb. 22, in the sixty-fourth year of her age, has taken one from the ranks who, by the loyalty of her life to the highest Christian principles, was ever true to the goodly line of ancestry from which she sprung, and was a type of that high, fine Christian character which is the best development of New England Congregationalism.

She was born March 3, 1837, and was the eldest child of Elijah Ashley Webster, born at Whiteboro, N. Y., and Marietta Rawson, born at West Stockbridge, Mass. Her parents were married at Victor, N. Y., 1835, and went to Bombay, British East Indies, in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Her father was a practical printer and had charge of the mission press and publishing house. He found the type in use unsuitable for good work, and himself cut the dies and made the matrices and cast new fonts of type in the Marhatta language, producing a new, more legible and clear type, which permitted the printing of the Bible in the Marhatta language in a single volume. The same style of type is now used on the mission press. He was an artist in the molding of metal and a man of great personal courage. He distinguished himself in his efforts for the rescue of English troops from the wreck of two transports in Bombay harbor during a monsoon, being finally himself taken unconscious from the water. For this service he received thanks from the East India government through the official paper, the *Bombay Gazette*. His wife, Marietta Webster, was a faithful teacher in the mission schools of Bombay. She was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, breadth of religious views and practical piety. After a service of seven years in India they returned to America because of impaired health. He died in February, 1855, in Ontario, Ind., and his wife at Galesburg, Ill., in 1879.

Mrs. Fisherick much resembled her mother in traits of character. After her father's death she came to Massachusetts to complete her education, and entered Mt. Holyoke Seminary in 1856. Being unable to finish the course there, she left the institution in 1863 and engaged in teaching. She was married, in 1864, to George H. Fisherick at Palmer. With her husband she united with the Second Congregational Church, and has since been an efficient and active member. She has been a teacher in the Sunday school for many years and a member of the several societies auxiliary to the church. She was devoted to her family, loyal to her church which she loved, and devoted her devotion to these expressed her love for and loyalty to her God.

MRS. JANE ATKINS PAINE

Mrs. Paine died in Truro, Mass., March 10, a faithful member of First Church for fifty-nine years. She taught a Sunday school class there thirty successive years.

She literally followed Christ to the uttermost degree of her illumination and used every effort to enforce and develop the higher ideals of Christian living. Her end was perfect peace and trust in God, and her last words were, "His will be done." She was the widow of Deacon Daniel Paine of sainted memory in Truro.

Eruptions

Pimples, Salt Rheum, Tetter

Proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation. To treat them with drying medicines is dangerous. The thing to do for their radical and permanent cure is to get rid of the humors and to give strength and tone to the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take. It is positively unequalled for all humors and all eruptions.

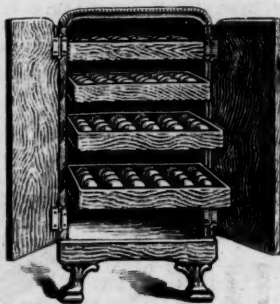
Accept no substitute.

Get Hood's

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for a severe case of skin eruptions which afflicted our little daughter, and the results were perfectly satisfactory." Mrs. S. P. Fox, Box 160, Brocton, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to Cure and Keeps the Promise

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A phonographic "record" is a very fragile cylinder of wax. It is so exceedingly delicate that the least touch will scratch it, and the smallest pressure or blow will break it.

Yet it is a thing which has great value. It can never be exactly reproduced, and sometimes it records the voice of one whose voice is heard no longer. It is impossible to estimate the value of such records to their owner.

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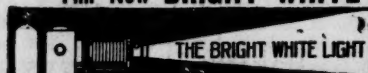
the size of the hollow cylinder.

With such a cabinet records of great value can be collected in the assurance that they will be safe for all time.

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IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THAT THE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS SEEN IN THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, April 6-12. Growing in Grace. 2 Pet. 3: 17, 18; 1 Pet. 2: 1, 2; Eph. 4: 12-15.

Paul and Peter are one in insisting that the Christian life means constant growth. It would be interesting to study their epistles with a view to select first the passages that bear on conversion, and then those that have to do with progress. The latter would greatly exceed the former. The Christian Church, however, has too often failed to maintain this perspective. It has been so eager to get people into the kingdom of heaven, going so far sometimes as to drive them down by force into the river to be baptized in multitudes, that it has neglected spiritual culture. The impression prevails today, in the church as well as out of it, that when a man has once crossed the line there is not a great deal more for him to do. He has reached the happy haven. He is safe. The real truth is his battles are only just begun. It's a long distance up the shining heights. Paul and Peter knew what they were talking about, and the modern minister would do well to realize that the best advertisement of Christianity is the Christian. A church full of high-minded, aggressive followers of Jesus Christ is worth any number of special Sunday evening attractions so far as its influence upon the community goes.

Three little prepositions will help us in our practical discussion. The first is "towards." Progress means progress towards some thing or some one. With the Christian the goal is Christ. I, for one, think we are not making any too much of Christ as an example. Whether the underlying theology and philosophy is sound or not, I will not venture here to pronounce, but to ask, "What would Jesus do under my circumstances?" seems to me an excellent, practical method of inducing Christ-likeness. I have great respect for Paul and Peter, and Luther and Cromwell, and Moody and Phillips Brooks, but I follow Jesus first, and them only so far as they followed him.

The second preposition is "with." Plants, as a rule, push their way up through the soil towards the sky in company with other plants, or, if they are tender vines, they lean upon external props. We Christians make our heavenward journey alongside of others. We help them, and they help us, just as Christian and Faithful in Pilgrim's Progress braced one another day by day. Moreover, we need the external support furnished by the church, the privileges of the sanctuary, comradeship with other believers, the sacrament, and all those means of grace which have proved of value to successive generations of Christians.

The third preposition is "for." The object of a plant's growing is that it may contribute beauty or fruit to the life of the world. Jesus says a good deal about this matter in the fifteenth chapter of John. If we are truly growing towards him, we must every day give out something that others will admire or by which they will be helped. We need now and then to stop and ask ourselves, what are we good for. There seems to be in the natural world almost no growing object which does not in some way or other serve the interest of man. One tree may not produce any palatable fruit, but it furnishes grateful shade. One plant may be useful for medicine even if it cannot sustain the life of a healthy person. The fragrance and beauty of the rose bless those who come near them, while the vegetable garden serves its own peculiar uses. Christian growth also admits of a variety of services to our fellow man, but one kind or the other there must be.

The Church Prayer Meeting

Topic, March 30-April 5. The Joy of the Risen Lord. Luke 24: 36-53; 1 Cor. 15: 19-23, 35-58; 1 John 3: 1-3; Ps. 24: 1-10. A fulfillment of hope. An assurance of progress. A revelation of eternal life. [For prayer meeting editorial see page 446.]

Record of the Week

(Continued from page 467.)

PHILLIPS, MRS. ALICE M., at E. Paris, Mich.
QUINN, MR., Oliver College at Linden, Mich.
SHELDON, CHAS. F., at Waukomis, Okl.
STEVENS, JULIUS, Ft. Dodge, Ia., at Fairhope, Ga.
URBAN, JOHN, Roscoe, N. Y., at Wilmington. Accepts.

Personals

DAY, S. MILLS, pastor emeritus at Honeoye, N. Y., celebrated March 9 the fortieth anniversary of his service at that church. Seven persons were present who were members of the congregation when he first preached there. During this time he has officiated at nearly 700 funerals and at 500 weddings.

EXCELL, WM., who resigned at Cambridge, N. Y., in May, 1901, closed his work there last Sunday.

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Easter Lilies

Twenty-five Thousand Genuine Longiflorum Easter Lilies, the entire stock of one of the best florists in Dorchester, and as they are not forced they will keep perfectly until after Easter. We do not sell any Harisi or Bermuda Lilies and we can safely say that our Lilies this season cannot be surpassed by any in Boston, and very few can equal them; they speak for themselves. You should buy early, as Lilies will be scarce this year.

Our special price, per lily or bud 19c

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Special for this week 39c

The most select stock of FANCY WAISTINGS in Boston, colors artistically blended and very popular, all the 39c. and 45c. quality. This week only, at 33c

Specialty in STORM SKIRTING, in oxford gray material, always considered good value at \$1.00 yard. Sale price 49c

No samples.

NEW FRENCH CHALLIES, all the most desirable designs in polka dots, scrolls, stripes, persian and plain goods, made by Lupin, and other well-known French makers, our regular price for this, 50c. yard. Sale price 44c

BROADCLOTH and VENETIANS—These particular numbers we have made a specialty all the season, they are made by the best American manufacturers in the country, and are guaranteed worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25 regularly. Sale price 82c

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Greatest foliage and flowering plant yet introduced. Leaves 3 to 5 feet long by 2 or 2 1/2 feet broad; perfectly immense, and make a plant which for tropical luxuriance has no equal. Added to this wonderful foliage effect are the mammoth lily-like blossoms, 12 to 15 inches long, snow-white, with a rich and exquisite fragrance. Plants bloom perpetually all summer in the garden, or all the year round in pots. Not only is it the grandest garden or lawn plant, but as a pot plant for large windows, verandas, halls, or conservatories, it rivals the choicest palms in foliage, to say nothing of its magnificent flowers. Thrives in any soil or situation, and grows and blooms all the year, and will astonish every one with its magnificence—so novel, effective, free growing and fragrant.

Fine plants, which will soon bloom and reach full perfection, 25c. each; 3 for 69c.; 6 for \$1.00 by mail, postpaid, guaranteed to arrive in good condition. OUR GREAT CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare New Fruits; profusely illustrated; Large Colored Plates; 136 pages; FREE to any who expect to order. Many great novelties.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard

Former President of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, writes thus to a friend about a book he had just been reading:

"Huldah Herrick," is this a *nom de plume*? The dialect bothered me. I didn't want her to say "Gawd." Some say God long, and some short, and my prejudging criticism was too severe; for soon as I read on I got into the spirit of the work. It is a graphic presentation of the mountain folk, of their needs and of the remedy. O that I, who have labored so hard for four years to tell people of means the story of the Iona Mountains, could catch Huldah's inspiration and do the task so well! "To recreate and uplift," God grant us the power by Christ's help!

Will you thank the publishers for me?

Sincerely yours,
O. O. HOWARD.

The book he referred to was

GINSEY KREIDER

By HULDAH HERRICK.

A powerful story of life among the mountain whites. It is not a child's book but a dramatic setting forth of the ignorance and also of the possibilities of development under Christian influences of these American Highlanders. 452 pages, with illustrations, \$1.50. To any reader of *The Congregationalist*, \$1.10 net, \$1.25 postpaid.

BOSTON The Pilgrim Press CHICAGO

In and Around Boston

Palm Sunday in Boston

In Congregational pulpits the morning services were conducted by several well-known preachers not regularly heard. Dr. Munger was at Central, Rev. Thomas Chalmers of Manchester, N. H., at Walnut Avenue and Berkeley Temple, Secretary Barton at Second Church, Dorchester, and Rev. G. A. Wilder, missionary to Africa, in Immanuel. At Shawmut Mr. L. D. Wishard divided with Dr. McElveen the topic *Marching Forward versus Marking Time*. The disaster of the week was not forgotten, and at the Seamen's Church Chaplain Nickerson spoke upon *Perils of Sea* at Monomoy. At the Tremont Theater, freely given for that purpose, an audience of 1,500 heard Lieut. W. G. Ross lecture upon the heroes of the life-saving service, and added \$500 to the relief fund.

At King's Chapel Dr. G. F. Moore preached. The Dudley Street Baptist Church gave its service to the Sabbath Protective League, and Clarendon Street heard Rev. A. H. Gordon, son of a former noted pastor. Rev. C. H. Spalding, D. D., occupied the Tremont Temple pulpit, and the Church of the New Jerusalem welcomed its new pastor, Rev. H. C. Hay, late of Brooklyn.

College Men at the Congregational Club

It was emphatically students' night at Loring Hall last Monday evening. Rev. E. H. Rudd, for the outlook committee, directed attention to the ten thousand students temporarily resident in Boston, in whose behalf he urged the erection of proper dormitories and a more general welcome in the homes of the city. He praised President Pritchett and his untiring labors in behalf of his students.

Then came a series of five admirable addresses on *The Religious Life of College Men* from these five under-graduates: W. A. Anderson of Amherst, Rowland Haynes of Williams, Orville G. Frantz of Harvard, Arthur S. Houghton of Dartmouth and Mason Trowbridge of Yale. Their frank, manly, direct words made a powerful impression and revealed the reality, depth and serviceableness of the religion in all these institutions.

An interesting and effective bit of by-play was the raising, under President Moore's vigorous leadership, of \$500 in blocks of twenty-five, ten and five dollars for the church edifice.

A BLIND WANDERER.

Didn't Know That Food Could Restore Her.

A well known writer uses Grape-Nuts as a tonic when feeling the effects of extra heavy work. She writes, "Grape-Nuts should be taken regularly as one would a tonic. I eat mine cold in the morning with hot milk or cream poured over it, and it is delicious, nourishing and strengthening."

Some time ago I said to a lady friend who was a great sufferer from dyspepsia and has been an invalid for five years, and who was a mere skeleton, "If I had only known you sooner you need not have suffered all these years." She looked at me in surprise and asked me what I would have done. "I should have put you on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food," I replied quite confidently. "Did you ever hear of it?" Oh yes, she had heard of it but never tried it as she had never had her attention called to it especially and had not thought it applied to her needs.

"Now," I said, "if you will just set about it and try Grape-Nuts for a week, three times a day, I will guarantee you will rise up and call me blessed."

She took my advice and followed it faithfully. When I saw her about a week later she looked like a different person although she had only gained two pounds in weight, but said she felt so much better and stronger and has greatly improved in health and strength since using the food.

She is getting well and you can imagine her delight is unbounded. My own experience and that of others is sufficient evidence of the scientific value of a food that supplies nourishment to the system and builds up the brain and nerve centers." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

soon to be dedicated in Gainsborough, Eng. The money came readily, and Dr. G. R. W. Scott, who is chairman of the National Council's committee, after expressing his gratitude, suggested that all the members of the club who had not subscribed send one dollar apiece to him at Newton.

Work for French Residents of Boston

A service in the French language has been held each Sunday in the chapel of Central Church, Back Bay, Boston, for about four years. Last week the third French pastor was ordained for this work—Mr. Albert Boutellier, who as an evangelist already has been at the head of this mission for about a year. There is no church organization, the mission having been inaugurated by the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. At present about forty-two people can be relied upon for such support and attendance as they can give, although the average attendance during Mr. Boutellier's year has been sixty. These are almost entirely women, domestics in Back Bay families, or teachers, governesses and dressmakers in the vicinity. There is also a Bible school.

Dr. Clark, recently pastor of Central Church, has been interested in the work, and that church gives the use of its chapel for the meetings, but does not otherwise aid directly in its support. Mr. Boutellier seems to be in excellent terms with his little congregation and receives perfect attention. The order of service does not differ materially from that ordinarily used in Congregational churches, and the participation of the audience is conventional, unless it may be proper to say that the taking of the collection is more generally participated in than is often the case even among more wealthy classes. It seemed to an observer last Sunday that every person had at least a mite to give.

The French people in the city have themselves started a French House on Clarendon Street in a hired house for the French Young Women's Christian Association for French-speaking women. It is especially intended to assist recent immigrants who cannot converse in English, and who would otherwise be homeless. Among the prominent people interested are Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Similar establishments exist now in London, Vienna and New York. Miss E. Moennoz is the Boston secretary.

The Death of Alden Spears

Hon. Alden Spears of Newton, who died at Pasadena, Cal., on the 22d, was one of the most generous of Boston's merchants, whose gifts to religious, educational and philanthropic causes had been very large. He was one of the first presidents of the Boston Y. M. C. A.; a member of the board of managers of the Foreign and Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; president of the Boston Wesleyan Association; and one of the earliest and most constant givers to Boston University.

Shall We Become Episcopalians

Bishop Lawrence's recent address, in which he asserts the failure of Congregational churches to meet the needs of New England, was the object of special consideration by the Ministers' Meeting on Monday. Rev. Thomas Chalmers of Manchester, N. H., was the speaker. In a stirring address he reversed the bishop's invitation that Congregationalists enter the Episcopal fellowship. That there is a lack of the sense of churchhood and the prominence of denominationalism he acknowledged, but could not find relief in the suggestion offered. The real Protestant theory has nothing in common with the hierarchical idea. An acceptance of this would force a break with the Reformation and all its churches. Instead of merging with Episcopacy, Congregationalism should rise to a

Continued on page 471.

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Signify the best productions of France.

We have the utmost confidence in recommending them as the perfect result of the Corset makers' art—All the new improvements are now shown, and your inspection would give us great pleasure.

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In and Around Boston

(Continued from page 470.)

new consciousness and accept its responsibilities. The congregational succession, which alone constitutes the continuity of the church, is ours.

Previous to the address Rev. F. S. Hunnewell reported a minute, deploring alleged relations of United States army officials and recognition of vice in the Philippines by government system of segregation and superintendency. President Roosevelt was appealed to for reformatory measures. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

College Women and Home Economics

The Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae is preparing to show, March 29, at the Grundmann Studios, from 10 to 12 A.M. and from 2 to 6 P.M., in an excellent exhibit, what the contributions of college women to home economics have been as illustrated in houses, schools and devices for children's labor. Those who scoff at the value of a collegiate education for women and question its utilitarian worth should go to this exhibit.

Biographical

REV. ELIHU HILLES VOTAW

Rev. E. H. Votaw of Princeton, Ill., died in that city on March 4 last of heart failure. He was sixty-six years of age and had been the pastor of a number of Congregational churches in the Middle States since he was ordained to the ministry in 1874 in Cleveland, O. His first pastorate was at Rockport, O., and subsequently he served in Brooklyn (now a part of Cleveland), Berea and Geneva, O. He was pastor for a few years at Manhattan, Kan., and later at St. Paul, Minn. During the years 1892-5 he was pastor of the church at Princeton, to which city he returned after six years' ministry in Iowa. His last charge was at Exira, Ia., which failing health required him to relinquish last May.

Mr. Votaw was born in Ohio, of Quaker parentage, in 1836. When he became of age, his father having removed to Indiana, he sought a college education; he prepared at Liber Academy in Indiana, and at Wheaton College, Illinois, and graduated from Amherst College in 1869. Teaching then engaged him while he further studied for the ministry, which he entered upon in 1874. He was married in 1869 to Harriet Adelaide Weber, and there were seven children, all of whom survive him. His life was one of faithful and efficient service for the kingdom.

REV. HENRY MARTYN GRANT

Henry Martyn Grant died at Eau Claire, Wis., Feb. 13. The son of Dr. Asahel Grant, the pioneer medical missionary to the Nestorians of Persia, he was born at Oromiah, Persia, June 3, 1836. There the school for girls started by his mother still flourishes. His college course was taken at Hamilton College and his seminary training was secured at Auburn and Union. He held pastorates in North Canaan, Ct., Webster Groves, Mo., Stirling and New Providence, N. J., Middleboro, Mass., and for ten years preceding 1898 in Charleston, S. C.

The churches at Webster Groves and Stirling were built through his efforts, and he was the first pastor in each. The historic old Circular Church of Charleston, also, burned during the war, but remaining as a beautiful ruin until shattered by the earthquake of 1886, was through his efforts rebuilt. It was in such work as this that the missionary spirit which he inherited and possessed in large measure manifested itself.

At Stirling, in addition to the work of organizing a new church and erecting a church building, he undertook the management of a large select school. He was the ideal teacher, singularly successful in instilling into his pupils ambition for higher education and useful living that has given to many lives of great usefulness.

Mr. Grant had the spirit of peace and the tact that made him a reconciler of factions. He was a genial, lovable man, a worthy ambassador of Christ.

Meetings and Events to Come

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING, Pilgrim Hall, March 31, 10.30 A.M. Subject, Experiences in Christian Work Among Sailors; Rev. Alex. McKenzie, D.D., presides. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE ALUMNI, Hotel Brunswick, Boston, March 29.

NEW YORK CLERICAL UNION, United Charities Building, March 31, 11 A.M. Subject, Meaning of the World-wide Neglect of the Church and its Offices; speaker, Rev. Samuel Scoville.

MINNEAPOLIS MINISTERS' UNION, Plymouth Ch., March 31, 10.30 A.M. Subject, The Eastern Question; speaker, Rev. H. K. Wingate.

KANSAS CITY MINISTERIAL UNION, March 31. Subject, Book Review, Simpson's The Fact of Christ; speaker, Rev. G. E. Crossland.

WORCESTER CENTRAL ASSOCIATION, First Ch., Clinton, Mass., April 8, 10 A.M.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION (Illinois), McLean, Ill., April 8, 9.

CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Syracuse, June 3-5.

STATE MEETINGS

| | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-------------|
| Tennessee, | Nashville, | April 2 |
| Arizona, | Nashville, | April 19-21 |
| Missouri, | St. Louis, | April 23 |
| New Jersey, | Jersey City, | April 22 |
| New Mexico, | Albuquerque, | April 22 |
| Florida, | St. Petersburg, | April 22 |
| Oklahoma, | Manhattan, | April 24 |
| Kansas, | Manhattan, | May 8-12 |
| Indiana, | Anderson, | May 13 |
| Michigan, | St. Johns, | May 20 |
| Massachusetts, | Plymouth, | May 20-22 |
| New York, | Buffalo, | May 20-22 |
| New Hampshire, | Buffalo, | May 20-22 |
| Louisiana, | Lake Charles, | June 5 |



Just one

thing: prejudice, keeps some women from using PEARLINE. They think, if it acts on dirt so strongly, it must hurt the clothes. Soap and rubbing act on dirt, and the fabric is rubbed away. PEARLINE loosens the dirt better than any soap and bundles it out with little or no rubbing, and no injury.

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OFFICE: 119 BROADWAY.

NINETY-SEVENTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT, JAN., 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Cash in Banks | \$743,517.01 |
| Real Estate | 1,833,892.06 |
| United States Bonds | 2,072,000.00 |
| State and City Bonds | 1,114,000.00 |
| Railroad Bonds | 1,371,340.00 |
| Water and Gas Bonds | 145,820.00 |
| Railroad and Gas Stocks | 6,732,250.00 |
| Bank and Trust Co. Stocks | 469,750.00 |
| Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate | 128,750.00 |
| Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents | 771,087.62 |
| Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902 | 53,868.04 |
| | \$15,255,869.73 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Cash Capital | \$3,000,000.00 |
| Reserve Premium Fund | 5,040,677.00 |
| Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims | 1,288,849.85 |
| Net Surplus | \$15,255,869.73 |

Surplus as regards Policy-holders \$2,966,342.88

JOHN H. WASHBURN, President.
ELBRIDGE G. SNOW, Vice-President.
AREUNAH M. BURTIS, W. H. CHENEY, Secretaries.
H. J. FERRIS, E. H. A. CORREA, } Asst. Secretaries.
F. C. BUSWELL, }

NEW YORK, January 14, 1902.

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We can offer you stock in a Massachusetts Corporation that will net you 5% and will increase its dividends. We can offer you bonds in a Massachusetts Corporation that will net you 4½%. We have several other good investments and some good Electric Railroad Bonds.

These Investments are sure,
Safe and Free of Taxation,
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I WISH TO BUY
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That yield 6%
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High grade first mortgages on improved realty in Salt Lake City and the irrigated farming land tributes have been our successful specialty for fourteen years. Full information on request. References given.
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Town, City, County, Railroad or other Bonds and Stocks investigated and collected. No charge made for investigation and preliminary report. All communications confidential. Address the Boston Defaulted Securities Co., Room 528, Exchange Building, 53 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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or other real estate may be found through me, no matter where located. Send description and price and learn my successful method for finding buyers. W. H. OSTRANDER,
North American Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Mrs. Hinkley, Indianapolis, writes: "The doctor said it must be an operation costing \$800 and little chance to survive. I chose Pyramid Pile Cure and one 50 cent box made me sound and well." All druggists sell it. It never fails to cure any form of Piles, try it. Book on Piles, cause and cure, free by mail. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

1877 FOR 25 YEARS 1902
We have successfully treated all forms of
CANCER
Without the use of the knife. As a result

THE BERKSHIRE HILLS Sanatorium
has become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals.
All physicians are cordially invited, as our guests.
Upon receipt of a description of any case of Cancer or Tumor we will mail, prepaid and securely sealed, THE MOST VALUABLE AND COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ever published on this special subject, and will give you an opinion as to what can be accomplished by our method of treatment, and will refer you to former patients.
DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

The Conductor

is, in our opinion, the most important feature of

The European Trip

Our corps of leaders includes

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DR. E. F. WILLARD, Art Lecturer, Berlin
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REV. C. S. MACFARLAND, Ph. D., Malden, Mass.
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Illustrated booklets (sent free) tell of their itineraries.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL, ITHACA, N. Y.

CUNARD LINE.

Largest New Twin-Screw Passenger Steamers from Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown, 600 ft. long, 14,280 tons. All Saloon and Second Saloon Rooms located on upper decks amidships. Perfect ventilation.

IVERNIA, Apr. 1, Apr. 29, May 27, June 24.

SAXONIA, May 13, June 10.

Saloon, \$50 up. Second Saloon, \$10 up.

Summer Rates May 1.

Steamer from New York every Saturday.

ALEXANDER MARTIN, Agt., 99 State St., Boston, Mass.

GOING TO THE CORONATION?

Membership tickets to the **Americana Rendezvous**, London, England, \$1.00 for two weeks. Send four cents (stamp) for illustrated book. **Holidays in England**, describing **Cathedral Route**, **Pilgrim Fathers**, **Dickens and Tennyson Districts**. Pamphlets (free) describing **Harwich, Hook of Holland, Royal Mail Route**, **Twin Screw Steamship Line**, **England to Continental Europe**. Address **Great Eastern Ry. of England**, 362 Broadway, New York.

The Business Outlook

Further improvement in the general business situation is to be reported. Spring trade is moving in large volume and the price level is well maintained. Moreover, labor disturbances are less threatening, the only probable trouble of any importance being the bad feeling among the coal miners in Pennsylvania. Some authorities claim, however, that this trouble will be adjusted so as to prevent a strike. In the leading manufacturing lines activity is the rule, while the jobbing business is enjoying an especially good volume of trade. About the only fears for the immediate future seem to center around the shoe industry, where conditions are said to be unsatisfactory and where some large failures are feared. In iron and steel the boom still continues, with prices firmly maintained. In cotton and woolen goods fairly satisfactory conditions obtain, while in building materials the demand is urgent.

Railroad earnings and bank clearings are on a large scale, and crop advices are generally quite favorable. The money market is seasonably firmer, but no real pinch is anticipated. In Wall and State Streets, particularly in the former, there has been more activity and a general advance in prices. It looks, in fact, as though a fair-sized spring boom had started.

Woman's Board Friday Meeting

CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON, MARCH 21

Mrs. Capron brought a message from Paul's letter to the Ephesians.

Several letters were read from missionaries in Bulgaria. Miss Elizabeth Clarke writes of the twenty-eight happy children who fill her mornings with work and pleasure in the kindergarten in Sofia, and of the three young women who are studying kindergarten methods. Mrs. Marsh of Philippopolis, in the intervals of a journey by ox-cart, writes from different villages. In one, where there were only twenty Protestants, a midweek meeting had an attendance of twenty men, a dozen women and a number of children—"a good showing in comparison with the ordinary attendance at prayer meetings at home." In another she and her companion took their copper pails and went with the other women to a fountain above the village to get their supply for the night, this popular gathering place furnishing opportunity for conversation with many women and children. In another place a corn-husking made a social evening.

Miss Cole of the Monastir girls' school is spending her year's furlough in this country, and Miss Matthews is carrying on the school with native assistants.

Mrs. Bradley gave the very latest word from Samokov in a letter received that morning from Mrs. Haskell. They had held a praise meeting on Sunday evening to give thanks for Miss Stone's release.

Miss Clara Brown of Niigata, Japan, told of the advance which has been made in Christian work and influence since she went there eleven years ago. At that time an attempt was made to have a girls' school, but the project had to be abandoned because popular sentiment was so adverse—girls would not make good wives if educated. Now there is a government school for girls with an attendance of 400, and a snowstorm is no hindrance to a good attendance at a women's meeting.

Mrs. Baxter read a letter from Mr. White of Marsovan, speaking especially of medical work.

Let thy discontents be thy secrets.—Franklin.

If you feel "All Played Out"

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It repairs broken nerve force, clears the brain and strengthens the stomach.

Cheap-Rate Excursions California

April 20 to 27, account National Convention, Federation of Women's Clubs, Los Angeles.

Anybody may go—at \$50 round trip from Chicago.

Corresponding rates from all points east.

Choice of direct routes returning; final limit June 25.

On the way visit Indian Pueblos, Grand Canyon of Arizona,

Yosemite and San Joaquin Valley.

The Santa Fe is the comfortable

way to go—superb service of The

California Limited; personally-

conducted tourist car excursions;

Harvey meals, best in the world.

Write for our books, enclosing

10 cents in stamps.

Santa Fe

S. W. MANNING, N. E. Agent,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.,
332 Washington Street, Boston.

Low Rates West

From Chicago to
\$30.00 Helena, Butte,
Ogden and
Salt Lake

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\$33.00 San Francisco,
Los Angeles,
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Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Van-
couver, Victoria, etc.

Daily during March and April. Tourist Sleeping Cars every day. Personally Conducted Excursions Tuesdays and Thursdays. For descriptive pamphlets and full particulars apply to your nearest ticket agent or address

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EUROPE & ORIENT

21st Year. Limited parties. Unexcelled arrangements. Terms reasonable. Organized and conducted by

DR. and MRS. H. S. PAINE, Glens Falls, N. Y.

GOING ABROAD ON A BICYCLE TRIP?

Send for "Bicycling Notes for Tourists Abroad."

LEYLAND LINE

Every Wednesday.

BOSTON-LIVERPOOL: LONDON

First Cabin, \$40, \$45 upwards, depending on steamer. Immense new steamers.

Splendid steamer "Winifredian," April 3; "Devonian," April 16; "Cestrian," April 23; "Caledonian" (to London), April 10; "Kingtonian" (to London), April 18; "Iberian" (to London), April 27.

F. O. HOUGHTON & CO., Gen'l Agents,
Telephone 1359 Main. 115 State Street, Boston

The Small Towns for Christ

In taking up an aggressive campaign for men among the small towns (of less than 10,000 population), the Massachusetts Y. M. C. A. is continuing an effort begun in Massachusetts a quarter of a century ago, but soon discontinued because association work was then undeveloped and greater concentration was needed in the cities. The present work is being carried forward on the old lines with a more thorough and efficient organization and with a special state secretary, recently appointed. Although this secretary, John R. Boardman, formerly a pastor in Portland, has been in his new position but two months, the field is already laid out into nine districts, and work in one district is actively progressing.

The pioneer states in this endeavor have been Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and to a certain extent Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana and the Maritime Provinces. The "small towns" in Massachusetts are larger than in almost any other commonwealth. The plans are about the same in each state.

At the present time the association has an organized work in fifty-nine of the 331 cities and towns in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which reaches about 450,000 young men. It is believed that there are fully 200,000 men, not reached by any form of religious work for men only, in the 275 towns which fall within the small town limit.

The incentive to the re-establishment of the work was the success of the "Deputation Day" effort, which consisted merely in the holding of all day meetings in communities convenient to some city, the state and local Y. M. C. A. workers from this city taking part. The results were almost always helpful.

The plan is this: a corresponding member is first selected in each community, who is "personally above reproach; active in Christian service; known and respected by all classes in the community, and deeply interested in definite work for men." His staff consists of an assistant from each local church, and he is expected to know as much as possible about the young men in his community and to try to interest them in some form of organized work, such as Bible class, educational or physical work, meetings, practical talks and social circles. A Y. M. C. League, which is virtually the association modified to meet the needs

of smaller communities, may finally be organized for the locality.

Work has begun in the Fourth District, which includes practically all of Norfolk County, with a few additional towns. Districts are laid out for convenience in work, not by arbitrary boundaries. "Deputation Days" have already been held in fifteen of the twenty-seven small towns in this district. Arrangements have been completed for a week's campaign with all-day Sunday sessions following, in Sharon, Foxboro, Hopkinton and Medway. The work was favorably received at Sharon, about forty men attending the men's meeting and a permanent work is being organized there. The week's meetings in Hopkinton recently were likewise exceedingly encouraging. One district will be thoroughly organized before another is entered, and eventually the work will need the supervision of a district secretary and several assistants, each to have charge of a group of communities. This will involve a question of financial support, as the secretaries will be expected to give their whole time to the work. At present a district committee of three is appointed from the state committee for each district.

Mr. Boardman places especial stress on these points. The work must be absolutely interdenominational; it should be fostered and carried on largely by laymen, because their speech and example has more influence with the average man than those of a clergyman; the people must be made to understand that the work is supplementary to church work, and not a supplanter or a substitute; young men are to be trained to do personal work, and once the work is well founded and started everything depends upon competent and frequent supervision, for a community cannot be left to run itself. Pastors and Christian laymen have heartily welcomed the effort, says the secretary, "when they have understood it" and the work is limited "only by the number of available workers."

A Purity Campaign

Rev. E. A. King, the minister at Marysville, O., has conducted a series of Personal Purity Lectures in Knoxville, Tenn., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Meetings were held every night in Association Hall, and on Sunday at the Baptist and Methodist churches. In all Mr. King spoke to about 1,000 persons; purity literature was distributed, and personal interviews were encouraged. As a result of the meetings at the University of Tennessee, located in the city, sixty young men deliberately determined to start the clean life and to use their influence in that direction. At one city meeting over sixty men signed this pledge:

CLEAN MANHOOD PLEDGE.

- I,
- Promise by the help of God,
1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
 2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
 3. To maintain the law of purity equally binding upon men and women.
 4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help younger men.
 5. To abstain from reading impure literature and to destroy all indecent photographs or pictures in my possession and to use my influence against such evils.
 6. To use every possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep thyself pure."

If any of you are going to foreign fields as missionaries, your chief business will be, not to teach English, but Christianity. To Americanize India and China is wrong. To build a New England meeting house in a tropical forest spoils both the meeting house and the forest.—President Faunce of Brown University, at the University of Chicago.

FRIED ONIONS

Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gormand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of stomach, it is claimed also, was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness of the odoriferous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort whether it be fried onions or beef-steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the



stomach lacks some important element of digestion; some stomachs lack pepsin, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack hydrochloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson, in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia, shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food, and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.



TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

allowed on our bicycles. We ship on approval without a cent deposit.

1902 MODELS, \$9 to \$15

1900 & 1901 Models, best makes, \$7 to \$11

500 Second-Hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new \$3 to \$8.

Great Factory Clearing Sale.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED to ride & exhibit sample. Earn a bicycle & make money distributing catalogues. Write at once for prices & special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THAT THE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS SEEN IN THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Made Over by Quitting Coffee.

Coffee probably wrecks a greater percentage of Southerners than Northern people, for Southerners use it more freely.

The work it does is distressing enough in some instances; as an illustration, Miss Sue W. Fairall, 517 N. 4th St., Richmond, Va., writes, "I was a coffee drinker for years and for about six years my health was completely shattered. I suffered fearfully with headaches and nervousness, also palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite.

My sight gradually began to fail and finally I lost the sight of one eye altogether. The eye was operated upon and the sight partially restored, then I became totally blind in the other eye.

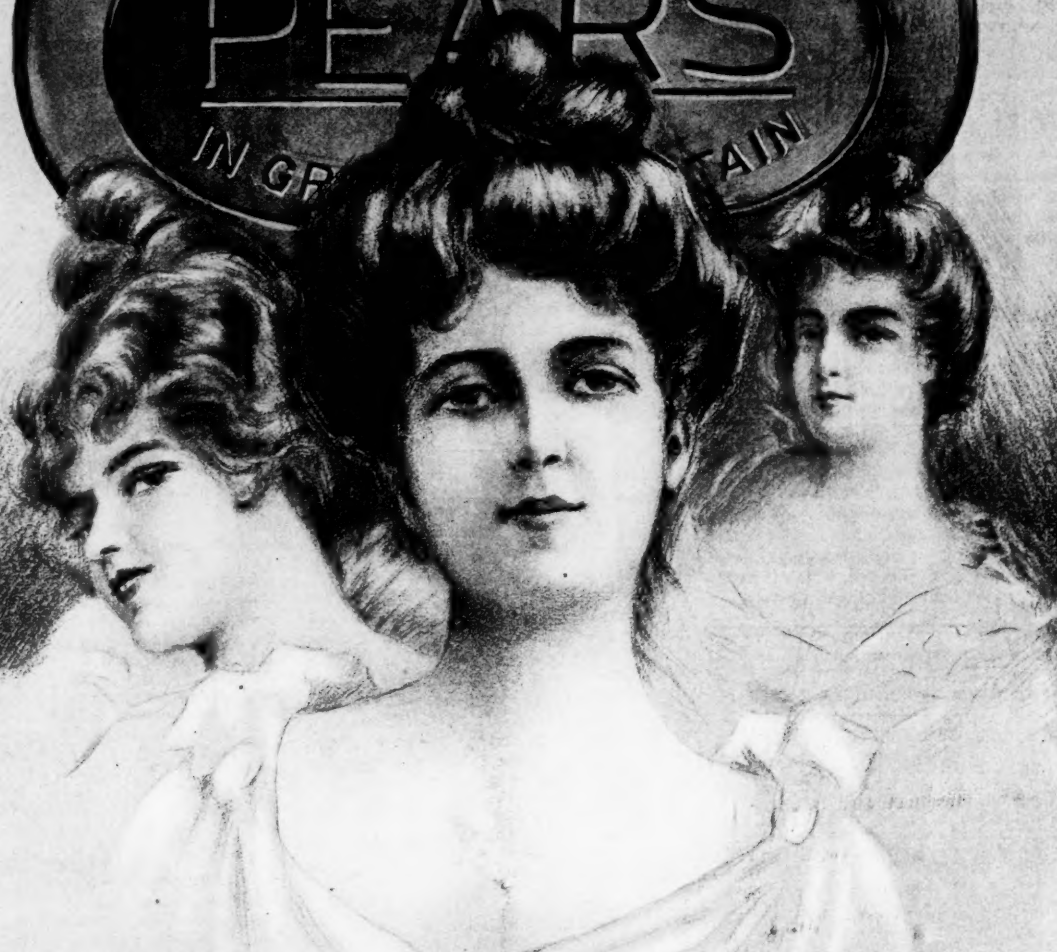
My doctor used to urge me to give up coffee but I was wilful and continued to drink it until finally in a last case of severe illness the doctor insisted that I must give up the coffee, so I began using the Postum Food Coffee, and in a month I felt like a new creature.

I steadily gained in health and strength. About a month ago I began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food and the effect has been wonderful. I really feel like a new woman and have gained about 25 pounds.

I am quite an elderly lady and before using Postum and Grape-Nuts I could not walk a square without exceeding fatigue, now I walk ten or twelve without feeling it. Formerly in reading I could remember but little but now my memory holds fast what I read.

Several friends who have seen the remarkable effects of Postum and Grape-Nuts on me have urged that I give the facts to the public for the sake of suffering humanity, so, although I dislike publicity, you can publish this letter and my name if you like."

Back of Every
Good Complexion



Pears'
Soap